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Vol. CXLVI
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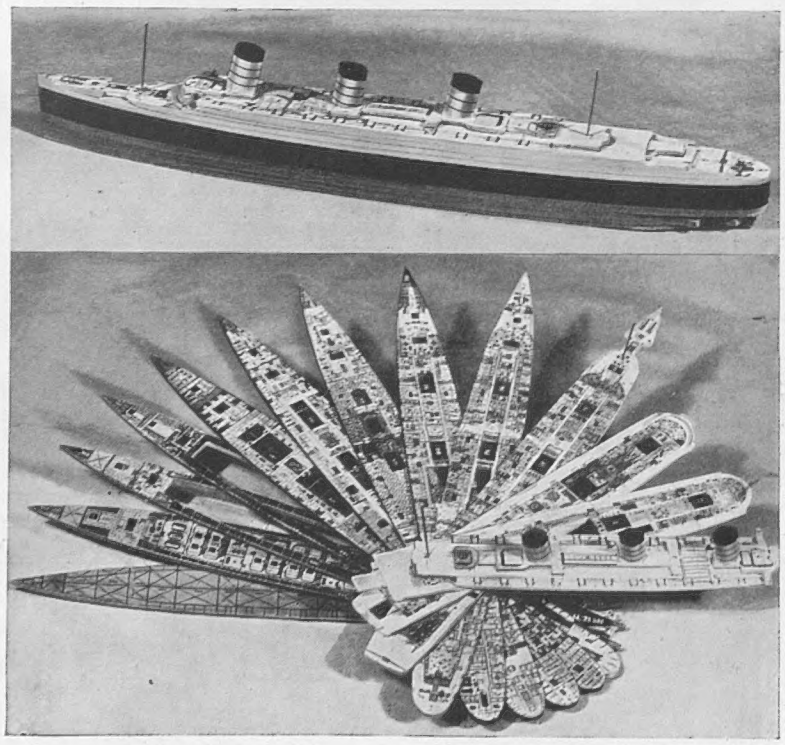

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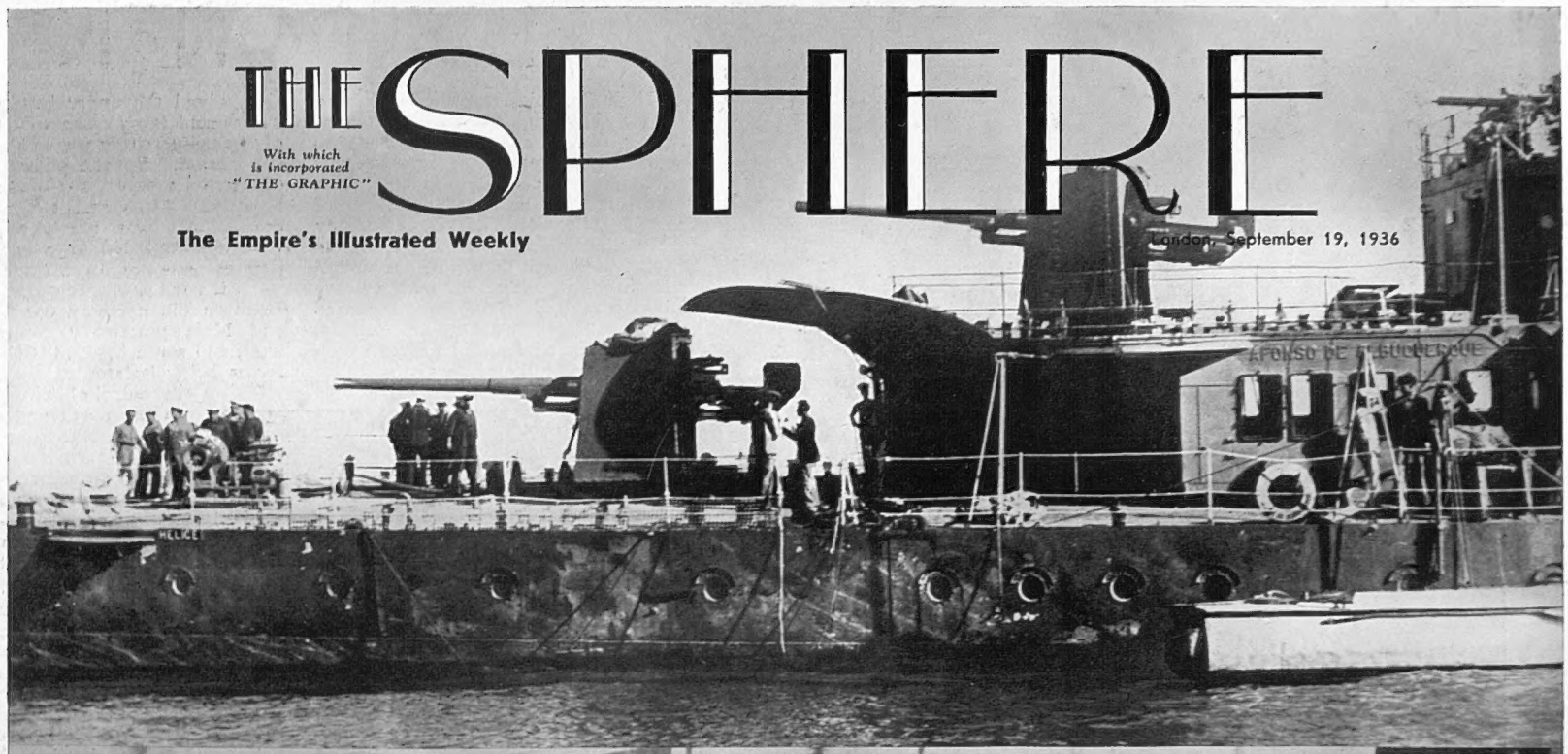

THE LISBON NAVAL MUTINY QUELLED

Portuguese Sailor Sympathisers with the Spanish Reds Stage a Short-lived Revolt Against Their Own Government

A few days ago it was reported from Lisbon that the crews of the Portuguese warships, *Afonso de Albuquerque* (2,100 tons) and *Dao* (1,380 tons), had mutinied and attempted to leave for the open sea, intending to join Spain's loyalist navy with which they are in sympathy. The Government had been forewarned of the trouble, however, and intensive fire from the shore batteries of Almada and Alto Duque compelled the vessels to surrender, the *Afonso*, which is shown in the top picture after capture, being reduced to helplessness and its men (above) being removed to prison, there to await court-martial. The revolt came as a great surprise to foreign observers of events in the Peninsula, as for the past ten years Portugal has been under a mild but progressive dictatorship, which has enhanced the country's prestige abroad and made possible a large measure of internal well-being. It must be borne in mind though that this decade of sound, right-wing government has produced an undercurrent of left-wing opposition, not so much among the peasantry as among the intelligentsia. At the moment the situation is not serious, and it is only likely to become so if the Spanish loyalists are victorious in the civil war

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A LONDON NEWS

"GOODBYE TO ENGLAND, HOME, AND BEAUTY": Men of the Royal Engineers (Postal Section) marching to Waterloo Station to entrain for Southampton last Saturday on the first stage of their journey to Palestine where they are to assist in the task of creating and maintaining order. Wives and sweethearts accompanied the men to the ship and were given passes to go aboard until sailing time

SHOULDERING EACH OTHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES: A cheerful family picture taken at Waterloo as the Palestine bound R.E.s left for Southampton to join the transport *Dorsetshire*. One thousand five hundred men sailed last Saturday, and it was arranged that the rest of the 12,000 reinforcements should leave at regular intervals of a few days

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4,
Wednesday, September 16, 1936.

CALLING UP RESERVISTS.

—Has it come to this? It was the first thought of scores of easy, yawning sportsmen who glanced through their *Scotsman* after a return from the hill. A dozen battalions and many other units of all arms have gradually been massed in the mandated territory of Palestine to deal with Arab terrorists. Now a complete division from England is joining this force. And this great army, to create which we have denuded Egypt and decimated England till it became necessary to carry on our carefully planned autumn manœuvres with a skeleton force, has proved altogether insufficient. What is it that the Government must now prepare against? It was easy to reach the conclusion that the Government fears that the circle of discontent is widening, and that a once local and localised insurrectionary movement may any moment develop into trouble involving British interests in a far wider area. It is the prophecy of the British Israelites assuming the garb of reality. With Europe in a state of barbarism, the germ of revolt spreads quickly to more primitive peoples. The fire is raging and the old world is tinder dry. "Has it come to this?" ask the easy holiday makers of happy Britain, that the situation is already so grave that hundreds of men, lately quit of the army, and settled in civil life, must throw up their jobs and stand to arms once more, as in 1914? It is a rude jolt. The more serious nature of the Palestine trouble was realised by easy stages and, in a measure, the possibilities are still guesswork. Among a batch of recent Arab casualties it was found that nine out of twelve were "foreigners;" that is, Arabs from areas outside the Palestine area of discontent. Our intelligence service has of course long known that "foreign" agitators have been fomenting the flagging discontent, and "foreign" money assisting the revolt. It seems at the moment to be a race between these foreign forces of evil and counsels of sense and conciliation working on the Arab leaders who realise that the rank and file have had their bellyful of bloodshed and stagnation of trade. Meanwhile General Dill is in consultation with one fighting division for overseas duty! That is about the size of it. One wonders how long we shall keep up the farce of pretending (or allowing others to pretend) that in "certain eventualities" we could send an army into Europe, as well as do our bit with an efficient Navy and Air Force.

STUDYING OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENT SYSTEM: Mr. Herbert Morrison (hand raised), the Socialist leader of the London County Council, with members of the Moscow Council who paid a visit to County Hall last week and were shown round the building by the committee leaders

MEANWHILE . . .

—And meanwhile, while Europe is seething and Islam ramping, and the four horsemen mounting once more, and heads falling and dictators roaring, England is being quietly "governed from country houses," as in the days of "Gaffer" Grey. A few members of the Cabinet looked in at Downing Street to order our "army" overseas and then returned to their guns and fishing rods and croquet mallets. Our thoughts are still of grouse-bags in the present—and, looking ahead, of the splendours of our coronation year, and of how much foreign money that great pageant will rake in. Small wonder if Britain is viewed abroad with the jaundiced eye of envy. It does seem a little like the optimism of Nero if it is not the cool confidence of Drake.

THE SITUATION IN SPAIN.

—Even before the fall of Irun and the setting up of a Socialist-Communist Government in Madrid the European Powers were as far from reaching unanimity in regard to non-intervention as they were in regard to sanctions in the Italo-Ethiopian war. These two important events made it still less likely that Spain will be left to work out her own destruction or salvation, unless the breathing space which both sides agreed upon extends to an armistice. Last week, after long and bitter weeks of intense and barbarous warfare, the so-called insurgents clearly held the upper hand on paper. They could fairly claim that two-thirds of Spanish territory was in their hands, if not more. But the percentage is one of territory only. In the matter of important towns and strategic points the balance was nearly equal. But Irun was regarded as a specially important gateway to further success, since it was the key to other important cities on the northern coast. Franco and Mola practically control north, west, and south Spain, the Government forces being isolated in these quarters in control of Bilbao and Gijon in the north and of Malaga in the south. San Sebastian fell to the rebels last week-end. These strategic points bar the way still to an advance on Madrid. The south-east is the Government's main territory, where they hold strongly to Valencia, Alicante, and Cartagena, and threaten Granada. Probably the most vital territories to the combatants are Andalusia and Galicia where the country's grain supplies and munition factories respectively chiefly lie. Seville, Cadiz, and Granada are vital points, and Granada at least is by no means secure in rebel hands. Thus the destruction of Spain by Spaniards is working itself out with hideous brutality on each side. And as the life blood drains from the body the eagles mass nearer and nearer, seeing the rich feast melting away. "A case for intervention" can at any moment be found in the chance death of some foreign national, be he Italian or German or otherwise and the eagles view one another with suspicion. We are not enjoying that peaceful interlude of sanity which September sometimes affords to harassed Europe. But it is cheerful to read of the overwhelming majority which plumped for non-intervention at the T.U.C. Deeply as many representatives felt for the position of the Government party in Spain, the Congress realised the acute dangers of European war which any form of intervention might bring.

SCOTLAND FOR SUNSHINE.

—It is rare indeed to return South after a month in Scotland without ever once having had recourse to a waterproof, without ever once getting one's stockings wet, or feeling the slightest chill in the air. I have spent a holiday in the Highlands every year

LETTER

for more than thirty years, and I never experienced such conditions. In old days it was necessary to take at least three pairs of shooting boots and two or three mackintoshes. But of late years in the latter half of August and the first half of September, at any rate in the Ross and Moray areas, one's waterproof has proved a mere insurance against rain, one's spare boots or shoes a mere cumbersome makeweight, and one's heavier shooting suits a weariness of the flesh. Even on the West Coast the weather characteristics have completely changed. Skye is in August a land of sunshine ; the lochs and river have become more popular with bathers than fishers, and the cold seashores of the Firths in Sutherland, Ross, and Moray are thronged with contented bathers. Nairn, it is true, always had a high reputation for sunshine, but it seems that its happy influence is gradually extending in a wide circle.

THE IMAGE OF WAR.—

But when the fine spell broke up at last, it broke with a vengeance. The notion that grouse driving is but "shooting down innocent birds with a scatter gun from a comfortably upholstered and furnished shelter, approached by a carriage road," is not always true to realities. Last week quite an adventure befell a party of shooters on a distant beat. It was a five-mile trek across the moors to the first line of butts. The day was calm and warm and sunny. The heather shone purple and tiny burns sparkled in the morning sun. The first drive took place and proved a bumper. The second followed and a big stock of birds had been driven into the third drive which was to follow luncheon. The beaters went away and the flankers fanned out on either side and the guns took their allotted places, waiting patiently for the "trouble to begin." It began in different guise and sooner than expected. Heavy black clouds had been massing north and south of the ridge on which the butts lay. Suddenly with a blinding flash and a roll of terrific thunder lasting thirty seconds, these elements met, and down came such an outpouring of rain as the oldest man on the hill could not parallel in memory. The whole hillside was blotted out ; in a twinkling the well-drained butts were knee deep in water. After an interminable wait a man with his flag above his head came in to the line from the flanking party to report that half the beaters were lost. The host, shrewdly remembering the likelihood of the burns swelling, instantly cancelled the drive and the shoot and sounded the retreat. Guns, loaders, and beaters set off homeward, carrying guns and cartridges, the pannier ponies following behind. All went tolerably well until the bedraggled party reached the first burn. It was a torrent which daunted the bravest. At length a beater, sounding with his flag-pole, dared the crossing and struggled across waist-deep. The rest followed, one or two losing their foothold. The next burn, a larger affair, would obviously be more difficult and so it proved. Half the party made off up-stream to find a narrower crossing. The remainder, linking arms, plunged in. One loader, carrying two guns, was carried away on his back and came hardly to land, a dripping mass of clothing. Another was struck on the heel by a great drifting boulder and lamed. One or two of the "guns," carried off their feet, were saved only by the swift resource of their nearest neighbours. The panniers and all the ruined cartridges were abandoned on the far side of the burn for the night, and men and beasts, helping and helped, managed the crossing at last, and after three solid hours of battling with the elements reached the lodge, looking exactly like shipwrecked mariners. But one pony at least and his owner failed to cross and spent many hours on the moor. A great thunderstorm and cloudburst in the high hills are always a daunting experience. This was something of a record in severity and brought out all those qualities seldom revealed in times of peace. In such crises class distinctions vanish and there arises a new aristocracy of courage and resource. As a keeper said to me: "I can only compare it with Gallipoli in '15."

THE FINAL CLASSIC: Boswell (by Bosworth—Flying Gal II) in the unsaddling enclosure at Doncaster after his impressive but unexpected victory for his American owner, Mr. William Woodward, in the St. Leger last week when, with "Rufus" Beasley up, he outstayed Mr. Gordon Smith's Fearless Fox and the Aga Khan's Derby winner Mahmoud, to win by three quarters of a length. He started at odds of 20–1, partly on account of adverse rumours regarding his wellbeing, and it later transpired that he was actually suffering from the dread affection known as heel-bug on the day of the race. It was not sufficiently far advanced, however, to prevent his running. The favourite Rhodes Scholar was much nearer last than first

THE TRAFFIC CENSUS.

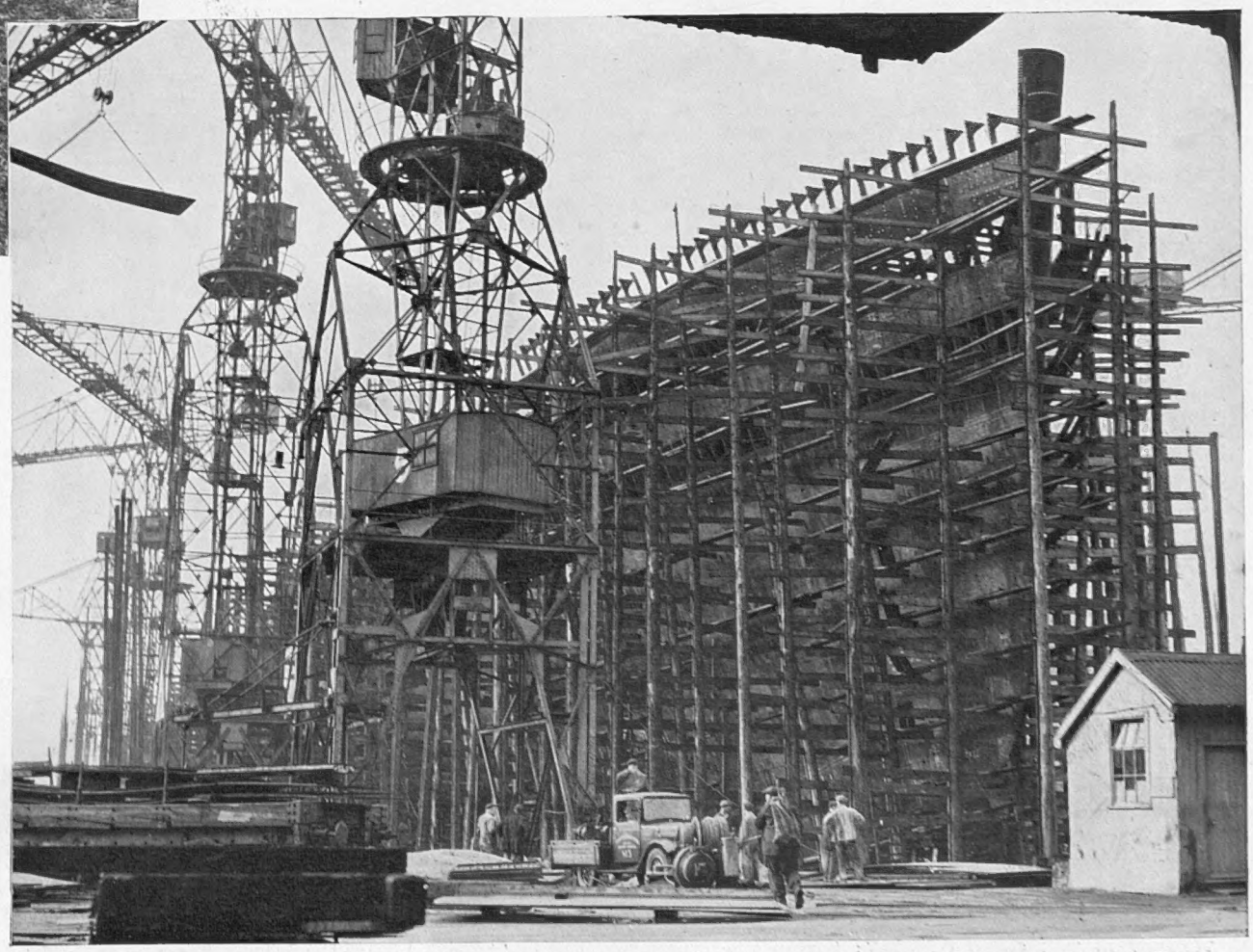
—The figures of the last traffic census are worth studying. You can get them for 2s. from H.M. Stationery Office. The comparable figures are those of 1931. In four years the number of bicycles on the road almost doubled. Commercial motor vehicles increased by 45 per cent. and passenger motor vehicles by 33 per cent. Horse-drawn vehicles alone show a decrease—of 27 per cent. The census week was August 6–12, 1935, and during the survey many million vehicles or persons passed and re-passed 5,000 points. The bicycle figures are the most amusing, for to the lay mind they reveal very little. Thus, while the increase in pedal cycles was 30 per cent. at Huddersfield, it was 300 per cent. at Preston. Magdalen Bridge at Oxford bears the palm for pedal cyclist traffic. Here on an average over twenty cyclists crossed per minute during a sixteen-hour day. Of motor traffic, the Great West Road at Brentford G.W.R. bridge carried the heaviest traffic (in weight) for an industrial area. The greatest increase in vehicle traffic was found at the Kendal point on the London-Carlisle Road. How much of that increase was Scottish-holiday traffic? The survey of course is not an attempt at a census, as every child can tell. The number of mechanically propelled vehicles in use can be ascertained by the licences issued and the daily count roughly revealed that each vehicle was "spotted doing three journeys." The survey was undertaken to gain experience of the essentials in planning new highways and improving existing roads. And one would say that it removes the last hope in the minds of the easy-minded that the traffic problem will solve itself by educating drivers and cyclists and pedestrians. It proves that our roads are inadequate and antiquated already and must reach bursting point in a year or so.

BALIEFF.—The moon-face of Nikita Balieff is clear in my memory. This it seems is the face to launch a thousand laughs. Pélissier possessed such another, and indeed La Chauve-Souris and the Follies (allowing for the immense differences in Russian and British humour, technique, and nature) fell into the same select category. Each show was a marvel of organisation down to the last "impromptu" gag, and each compère relied for effect on an assumed amateurishness, a rustic simplicity. Each came before the curtain to deliver an artless "till ready" talk on everything and nothing. Moon-face Nikita's name is linked for ever with "The Wooden Soldiers," "The Knife-grinder's daughter," "Rat-a-plan" (that devastating cynicism) and that ever-haunting polka. Pélissier's name is linked rather with the names of his fellow geniuses in laughter making—Sydney and Morris Harvey. Balieff's was a one-man show, Pélissier's a cluster of stars. Both were masters of detail and organisation. But Balieff could evoke the laugh that is near to tears. Pélissier did not or could not.

BLACKPOOL FOR FUN.—

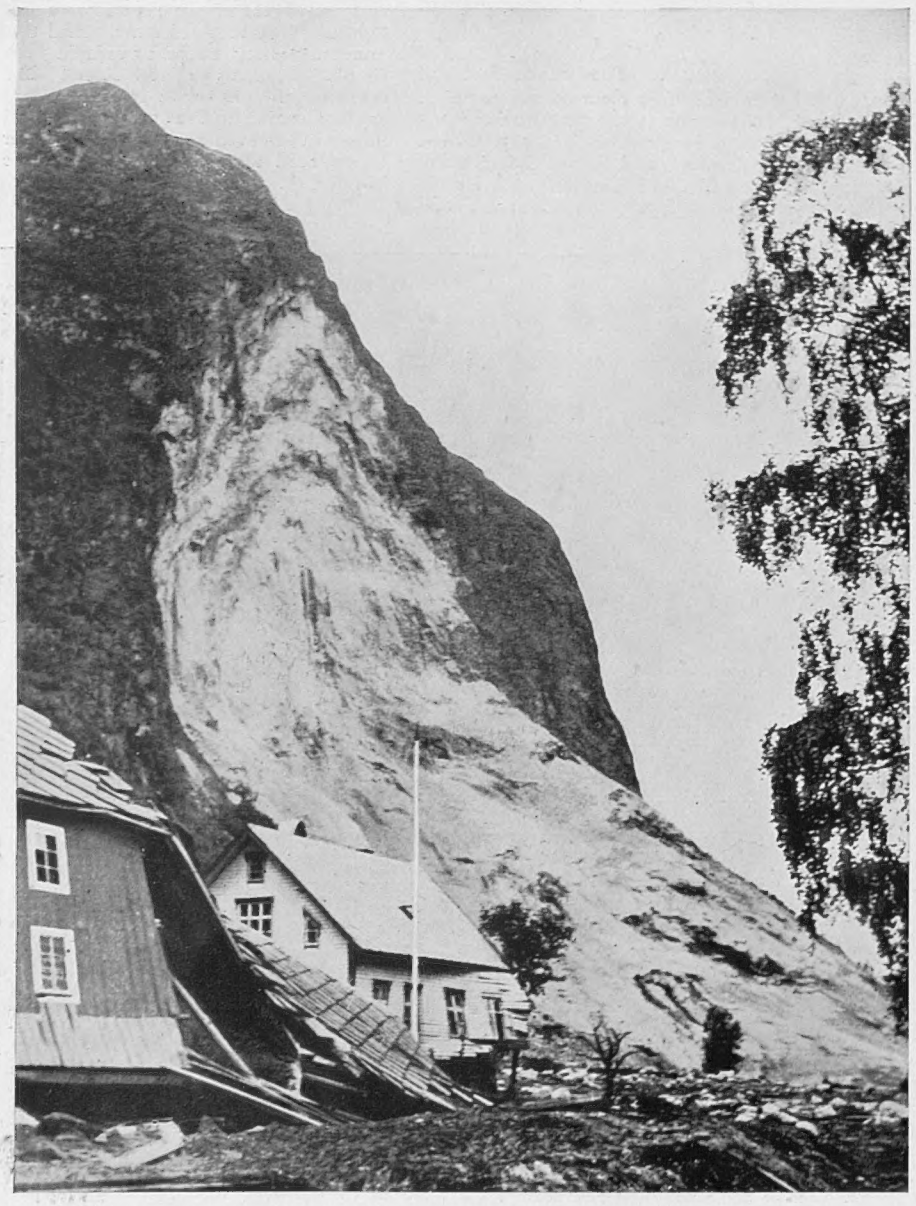
The British Association provided the fun of the fair at Blackpool of late. Scientists and professors from the world over at scores of meetings dealt with every scientific subject—practical and theoretical—and talked the sun across the sky. Relativity, cartography, natural selection, fecundity, birth-control, the retail trade, the solar system, diet, and detective fiction—all these subjects found exponents. The exhaustive and painful researches of Darwin and Huxley and Ball were justified or ridiculed by the scientists of our day. Thus, Dr. Julian Huxley in a brilliant presidential address (zoology section) threw cold water on natural selection as the saving of the species, and Dr. Brown (psychology section) found excuses for Victorian Mrs. Grundy. Other scientists picked to pieces the "old school tie," gave a new lease of life to the village shop, and announced that the planets keep perpetual summer-time—or at any rate find time hang far less heavy on their hands than do we earth-bound folk. Because most of their theories are far above our heads and beyond our comprehension, we treated most of them lightheartedly, and found these grave professors delightfully human and kindly. And this humanness they proved by enjoying the simple pleasures of Blackpool like schoolboys. They rode the high horse in the morning and the spotted, musical horses in the evening. Blackpool never experienced merrier wakes than these of the B.A.

THE OLD STAGER



SHIPBUILDING BOOM: The Orient liner *Orcades*, sister-ship of the *Orion* which is taking the English Test team out to Australia, in course of construction on the stocks in Vickers-Armstrong's yards at Barrow-in-Furness. Two more liners are under construction in adjacent berths, while work is also in progress there on cross-Channel boats and warships

TO SPAN THE OCEAN: The giant four-engined flying boat *Caledonia*, which has been built for experimental long range purposes and may eventually be tried out on the Atlantic route, seen on the Medway at Rochester last week, when it was launched and underwent its preliminary trials. Twenty-eight craft of the same class have also been ordered by Imperial Airways and these will be used on the Empire routes. Commenting on the *Canopus*, the first of these, an aeronautical expert says: "No aeroplane yet built has given the same sense of freedom to move and breathe. Every saloon has width and height in excess of the best which rail and road transport can offer." There will be accommodation for twenty-four passengers by day and sixteen by night, while a ton of mails will be carried in the aft cabin



TRAGEDY IN THE FJORD COUNTRY: Norway is to-day mourning the eighty people who lost their lives in the disaster at Lake Loen last Sunday, when an avalanche tore down the side of 6,000 ft. Raven Mountain and overwhelmed villages along the shore, completely wiping out Bodal, where not one of the sixty inhabitants remains to tell the tale, and partly destroying Nesdal, where twenty met their end and a similar number were injured. *Left*—A view of Raven Mountain and the great scar in its side left after tens of thousands of tons of rock had been displaced, some of it falling directly on the houses below and some entering the water and creating a 20 ft. high flood wave which drowned all who lay in its path. *Above*—A search party at work on the wreckage-strewn shore of Loen, looking for the bodies of victims

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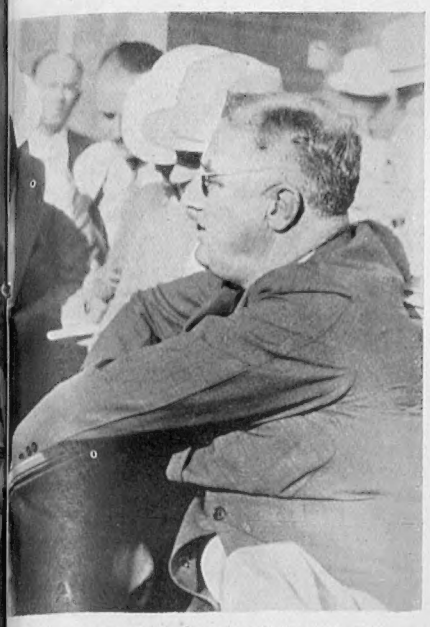
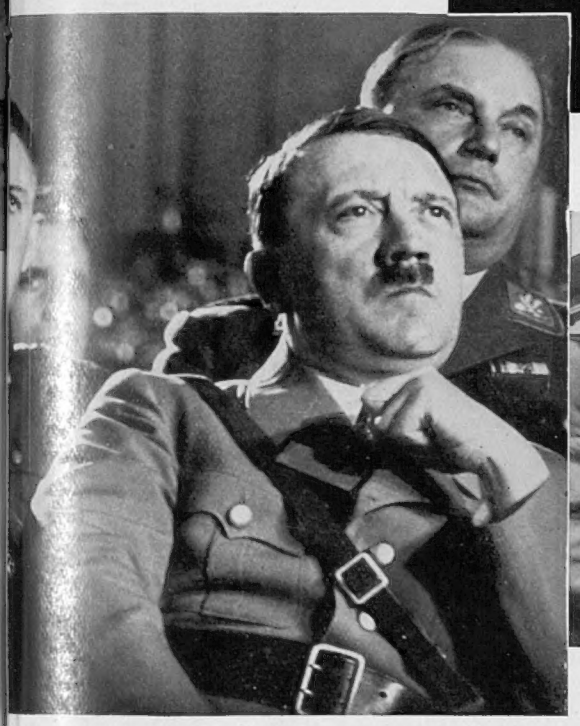


conversation with farming folk at Julesberg, where the people have been suffering severely dust storms of more than usual violence. Democratic leader's electioneering platform

THE NAZIS AT NUREMBERG: Searchlights piercing the night sky and floodlights illuminating the arena during the great annual rally of the National Socialist party when Chancellor Hitler and his Minister of Propaganda, Dr. Goebbels, announced the details of Germany's Four Year Plan to make the country independent of foreign raw materials and at the same time delivered ferocious attacks on Russia. The need for colonies was also stressed



FASCISTS FRATERNISE: Dr. Ley (wearing swastika armlet), Leader of the German Labour Front, and Herr Ulrich von Hassell (in plain clothes), German Ambassador to the Quirinal, with the Italian delegation which went to Nuremberg to attend the Nazi rally. Its presence at the Congress indicated the existing good feeling between Italy and Germany, which was emphasised in most definite terms by Chancellor Hitler in one of his speeches

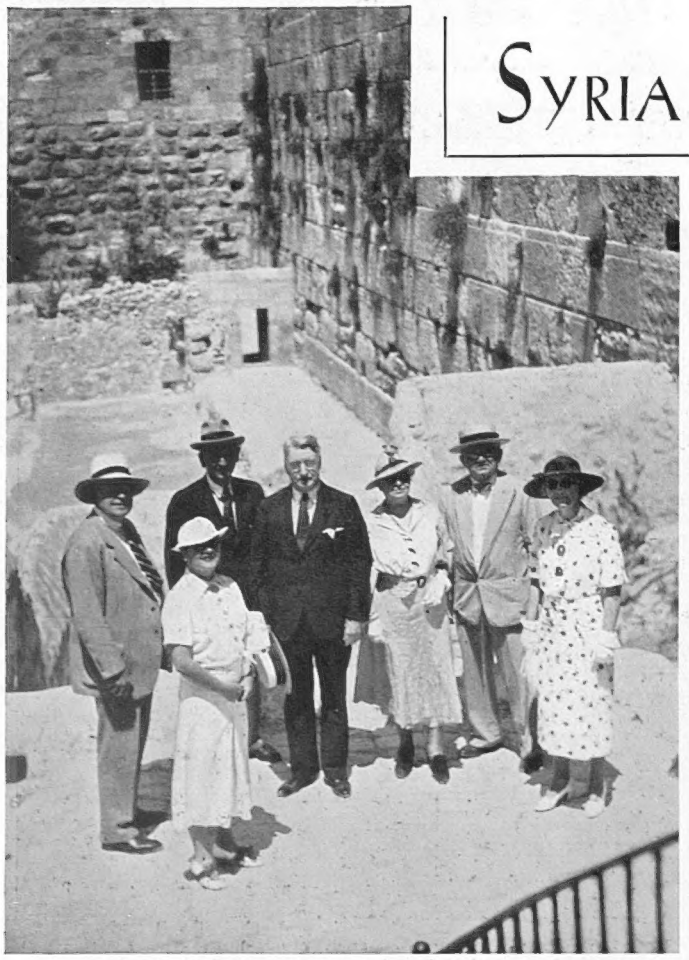
PENITENCE? Father Coughlin, the "Radio Priest," kissing the ring of Bishop Gallagher of Detroit, when the latter returned from a visit to the Vatican where Father Coughlin's political activities were the subject of papal censure

ITALY MILITANT: A few of the 25,000 members of the "Avanguardisti," the Fascist youth organisation, who marched past Signor Mussolini in the Via del Impero last week, dressed in shorts only but carrying rifles and daggers. This spectacular parade coincided with the announcement that the Council of Ministers had agreed to the granting of further extensive credits to enable the Government "to strengthen and render more efficient their armed forces to meet the necessities of the international situation." At the same time plans were approved for the reorganisation of the army in Africa and for the enrolment of Abyssinians in the new force. It is understood that native enlistment is to be on a purely voluntary basis

SYRIA ACHIEVES AUTONOMY

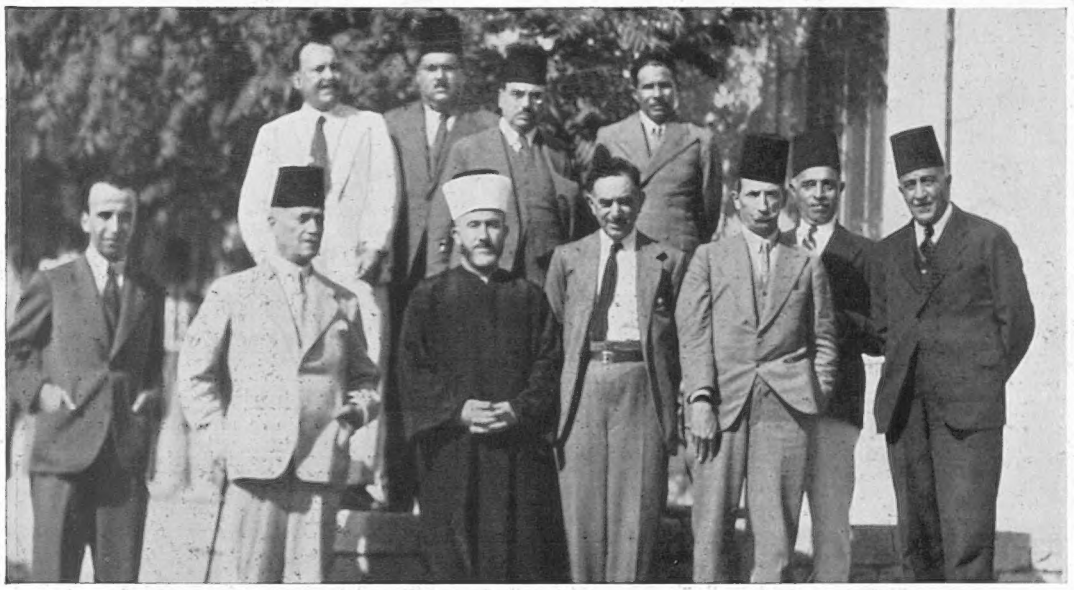
As France Gives Up Her Mandate in the Levant

By KENNETH WILLIAMS



THE AMERICAN SENATORIAL DELEGATION TO PALESTINE which has just spent ten days in Jerusalem studying (unofficially) the question of racial conflict. Left to right—Senator Daniel O. Hastings (Delaware), Mrs. Wadsworth (wife of the American Consul-General in Jerusalem), Mr. John D. Whitney (who acted as guide to the party), Senator Royal S. Copeland (New York), Mrs. Daniel O. Hastings, Senator Warren R. Austin (Vermont), and Mrs. Warren R. Austin

LENDING A HELPING HAND: General Nuri Pasha as Said, Iraq's Foreign Minister, seen in Jerusalem where he has been acting as a mediator with the Arab Higher Committee and been endeavouring to find a solution to the Arab-Jew problem



LEARNING THE ARAB POINT OF VIEW: General Nuri Pasha as Said and members of the Arab Higher Committee with whom he conferred at the Grand Mufti's residence in Jerusalem and sought to find a basis of settlement on the Jewish question. Left to right, front row—Mr. F. S. Saba, Ragheb Bey Nashashibi (Chairman of the Defence Party), Haj Amin El Husseini (Grand Mufti and President of the Committee), General Nuri Pasha, Hilmi Pasha (Jerusalem Arab Bank manager), Mr. Alfred Roke, and Mitri Effendi Farraj (Vice-Mayor of Jerusalem). Left to right, back row—Dr. Husein Khaldi (Mayor of Jerusalem), Ya'cub Bey El Ghusein (President of the Arab Youths Committee), Abd El Latif Bey Es-Salah (Chairman of the Arab Party)

JACK ASHORE: An armed trolley, manned by British sailors from warships at Haifa and used for patrolling the Palestine railways. Standing on the track is one of the chain of watchmen who are posted at regular intervals

MANY of those who read of the signing in Paris last week of a Franco-Syrian treaty providing for the termination within three years of the French mandate over Syria, have almost forgotten the circumstances in which France came to be overlord of that vast and very attractive territory lying between the Mediterranean and Iraq on the one hand, and Turkey and Palestine and Trans-Jordan on the other. As the world knows, it was the British armies, under Allenby, aided by Arabs, which during the great war pushed back the Turks from the Arabic-speaking countries—a victory in which French contingents played but a small part.

The British, however, at no time wished to bring Syria under British influence, still less to become possessed of it. They were in any case prevented from such a policy by the Franco-British 1916 accord known as the Sykes-Picot Agreement, which, incidentally, included Mosul (now an integral part of Iraq) in the French sphere of influence.

After the war, the conquered territory of north-western Arabia was divided up into three zones. Occupied enemy territory south (Palestine) was placed under direct British administration. O.E.T. west (Beyrout and the Syrian coast) was given to the French, and later O.E.T. north (Cilicia) was also placed in French charge. In the heart of Syria, with Damascus as his capital, the Emir Faisal was ruling as an independent Arab chief, though under the general control of the British Commander-in-Chief.

But there was nothing definitive about the administration of these regions; they were provisional pending the signing of a treaty with Turkey. Events in the Middle East, however, were not to wait for a comprehensive settling up with the Ottoman Empire.

France, which had temporarily agreed not to interfere with the Arab administration in the interior towns of Damascus, Homs, Hama, and Aleppo, chafed under the arrangement. She felt that, by the Sykes-Picot Agreement, she was entitled to more than she had received. The Arab Nationalists under Faisal on their side showed increasing resentment at the presence of the French in Syria at all, and friction became bitter. Faisal's extremists attempted to force his hand by proclaiming him King of Syria, and at the same time they declared the independence of an Arab State stretching from the Taurus Mountains to the Sinai Desert.

Such a proclamation included the British-administered territory of Palestine. The British, therefore, rejected this Syrian demand, and in the spring of 1920 it was decreed by the Supreme Council at San Remo (not by the League of Nations, as is sometimes asserted) that France should be given a mandate over Syria, as Great Britain was given a mandate over Palestine.

The pretensions of the Syrians, France found herself unable to countenance. The French High Commissioner, General Gouraud, issued to Faisal's Government an ultimatum, advanced into the interior, beat the Arabs at Khan Meiseloun, near Damascus, and ousted the Arab independents. Crosses over the graves of the French soldiers, and a large wooden canopy in remembrance of the Arab dead, still mark the site of this fateful conflict. Faisal fled the country, to seek solace in British arms, and to reappear the following year on the Arabian scene as King of Iraq.

From 1920 until the present year France has administered Syria and the Lebanon as a mandatory Power. She has suffered many disillusionments. At no time has her rule been really popular. Local discontent showed its head most notably in the serious rebellion, which spread from the Jebel Druse to the rest of Syria in 1925. It was then that the bombardment of Damascus took place.

Since the suppression of that revolt, she has tried several schemes of pacification, including the subdivision of the land into separate states, the granting of a constitution, the establishment of a representative assembly.

Not, however, until the advent of the Sarraut Government (the predecessor of M. Blum's Administration) was the abdication by France of her mandatory role seriously believed in. But the French Socialists have consistently advocated the imitation by France of Britain's lead in Iraq. Great Britain, it will be remembered, signed the Anglo-Iraqi Treaty in 1930, and this was followed in 1932 by Iraq's entry into the League of Nations. A similar process is now to be enacted in Syria. It is anticipated that an assembly to be elected in the next two months will ratify the new treaty, and that in 1939 Syria will find herself sitting by the side of Iraq at Geneva. The abdication is nevertheless not complete. France still will have troops in the Alawite country and in the Jebel Druse.

"HORSA'S" STRANDED PASSENGERS

Thirty Hours Spent on Short Rations in the Burning Arabian Desert

FRANCE and SYRIA COME to TERMS

The Treaty of Friendship and Alliance Initialled at the Quai d'Orsay

DESERT ORDEAL: Passengers of the Imperial Airways liner, *Horsa*, sheltering from the scorching sun in the shade provided by the plane; a remarkable picture taken after the machine had made a forced landing in a desolate stretch of country south of Salwa Wells, remaining there thirty hours before being discovered by an R.A.F. search plane. In the foreground is Mrs. Wallace Smith, of Brisbane, who on arrival at Karachi stated that "had another day passed I doubt if any of us would have been found alive." Water supplies ran so short that they had to be supplemented with dew collected from the wings

THE FRANCO-SYRIAN AGREEMENT: The scene at the Quai d'Orsay during the initialling of the new Treaty of Friendship and Alliance which substitutes Syrian autonomy for the French Mandate. Right to left seated—M. Chautemps, M. Blum, the Premier, M. Viennot, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and Hochem Bey Atassy, head of the Syrian delegation. The provisions of the pact and the events leading up to it are described on the opposite page

NICOLAS TITULESCU:

The Rumanian Statesman, Part Creator of the Little Entente, and Confirmed Ally of France, who has now been Dropped from his Country's Government: A Railway Coach for Years His Home from Home

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE main railway arteries of Western and Central Europe will be the poorer this winter for the absence of rolling-stock so familiar, so frequent and regular in its passage, as to have become almost as well known to frontier and station officials and level-crossing attendants across half a Continent, as the Orient or Rome expresses, or "Paris–Warsaw," or the Blue train.

Nicolas Titulescu's special train has ceased to run.

It used not always to be a special. On occasion it was only a coach hitched to this and that famous convoy. But the coach produced a like reaction to the full outfit, as it "burnt" station after station in half-a-dozen lands or lay temporarily halted at frontiers or the bigger stopping-places, usually blinds drawn.

Voilà Titulescu! Or the same in Czech, German, Italian, Swiss, Bulgarian, Serb, Rumanian.

Inside that coach was to be found at once a travelling Quai d'Orsay and the home-from-home of a harassed statesman of first European consequence. There can have been nothing approaching it, in the way of vital work and decisions executed on wheels, since Foch and Haig took to trains as their headquarters in the concluding months of 1918.

IN HIS HEYDAY: M. Titulescu pictured leaving the Elysée after calling on the President of the French Republic. Throughout his years of office he was a constant visitor to France whose friendship he regards as absolutely vital to Rumanian political interests

No other statesman save Monsieur Herriot spent so many nights in the year entrained as did Nicolas Titulescu beside whom, however, the Mayor of Lyon figured as the merest commuter. The genial Edouard has said he spends 160 nights a year in the train between Paris and Lyon or vice versa, but he is soundly asleep nearly all the time in a perfectly good wagon-lit. How very different with him who used to be called the "Giant," by his fellow-countrymen. The retired Rumanian colossus carried with him wherever he went the heaviest burdens, alike diplomatic and private. His special can rarely have been a place in which relaxing or the shaking off of care was feasible. Save, maybe, at table. For Nicolas Titulescu is an epicure among few. And he cannot help being the detaining, brilliant conversationalist.

On and off for nearly twenty years, and almost continuously for the last eight, this rumbling Foreign Office of a Balkan State criss-crossed between Bucharest and Paris, Cap Martin and Prague, London and Geneva. The coach held a sleeping suite, dining and smoking rooms, a bureau for the boss, and secretarial offices which included one for archives since these were naturally in constant demand for purposes of consultation. Madame Titulescu sometimes came aboard but not often. Rather was it an all-man affair, with, I believe, the wireless telephone about to come into service. Normally, batches of coded telegrams would be dispatched from this and that station.

The deleted Foreign Minister may have had fixed points on terra firma, where he sojourned sometimes for a week or more at a time, but the coach had for a definite reason of late become increasingly his base of operations. He would bob up all over the place in it, suddenly, without public warning. "M. Titulescu has arrived in Prague" "M. Titulescu arrived unexpectedly at the Gare de Lyon last evening." "M. Titulescu stopped at Geneva on his way back to Bucharest." "M. Titulescu had a conversation with the Bulgarian Premier while his train was drawn up at Sofia." The familiar ring in such sentences.

Well might the "Giant," this extraordinary looking man of Mongol cast, of high-pitched voice and hairless face that sent one thinking of the Orient, or of some gone-wrong or overgrown schoolboy, well might this rarity hold conversations en route in default of his own scantily visited Foreign Office, for was he not the presiding spirit of the Little Entente, the upholder of Paris hegemony, a League of Nations star of the first magnitude, the man who said and meant that any revision of the Peace Treaties would bring war?

From his F.O. on wheels, Nicolas Titulescu had to control the results of all that, as he had to parry the effects of his being simultaneously in Mussolini's and in Hitler's very worst books. Just as none has whipped up Geneva into greater (righteous) international wrath, so probably no other contemporary European statesman has aroused greater personal antagonisms than the tall, dark, and domineering ever-querulous Rumanian. You either were for him or what he stood for, or you could barely tolerate the proximity of his presence.

In that coach, as it raced untold mileage across Europe or was still, schemes were schemed and dreams dreamt, vital secrets debated and interviews prolonged, moves hatched for the European chessboard no less than for the domestic battle revolving round the "Giant's" personality, and which never ceased.

Titulescu had always to keep journey's end in mind; his meeting with a hostile Carol. In fact he fought alone on the home front. A sympathising Party may have been the preponderant peasants; here he had friends such as Maniu, Magyaru, and Lupu; yet himself always travelled alone, and certainly quickest. He belonged to no Party, preferring to call himself a "permanent technician in Rumanian diplomacy." His self-decreed functions he exercised not only with the highest independence but with something of the real thing in feminine jealousy. There was a good deal of the feminine in Titulescu (should one put him in the past? Perhaps not). As when he was wont to coquet over resignation which he was always offering or threatening to offer. Perilous game that can be called—as Carol called it, out of the blue, one recent day when his "Giant" was sunning himself on the tip of Cap Martin.

M. TITULESCU IN LONDON: The famous statesman seen with his wife at Victoria on arrival in June of last year. He was over here as head of the Little Entente

That kingly act pulled up the Titulescu special with a jolt after Heaven knows how much it had cost, either to the hard-up Rumanian State or to its Seigneur's own well-lined pocket. But should this modern Talleyrand-on-wheels be really so downhearted about it? What does it profit a man if he be "in" at the core of European diplomacy and suffer the loss of his own life? And has not Nicolas Titulescu had a good run for his money, anyway? Why not enjoy life, from fifty-three onwards?

Probably not. Probably ambition will again lure Nicolas Titulescu back to the perilous permanent way he has been forced to quit. For the explanation of the "Giant's" eternal flittings hither and thither is of course simple. Nicolas Titulescu was on the run; has been for the past two years or more. The pro-Nazi "Iron Guard" of Cornel Codreanu had sworn to get him sooner or later, even as it duly "got" the hapless Premier, Duca, as he descended at the terminal for Sinaia.

The insistent threat to the "Giant's" life became if possible more accentuated from July on, for Titulescu had then gone deliberately to Bucharest to resign unless the Cabinet agreed to dissolve the "Iron Guard," which was done—each Minister signing a contract to that effect. So much do they trust one another along the lower Danube.

In fact it can be said that it was "Iron Guard" terrorism that forced Titulescu from office and may yet compel him to stay out of Rumania.

At Cap Martin, emissaries invited the dropped pilot to return and put himself at the head of the Left Opposition, but Titulescu conveniently fell ill with malaria. It may be that the "Iron Guard" had more than a little to do with the attack. The truth is that for most of this year Titulescu could not risk returning to Rumania, and that no Minister, however dominant, can hope to get away indefinitely or for long with such chronic absenteeism as his.

Titulescu seldom made more than the shortest of stays in Bucharest, when he never appeared in public if he could help it and studiously avoided any time-table or rigid appointments. Rather did he move furtively, between three fixed points: his guarded and unapproachable house, the Foreign Office, and the Royal Palace (or Sinaia). And he preferred his house, every time. But better still, his train. Not that he felt safe even in this. A short while ago a yarn was published that he pulled up the Orient Express for two hours (his coach was attached) while his valet motored back to Bucharest for his master's toothbrush. It was a mascot, we were told, and the "Giant" simply could not think of travelling without it—though presumably the mascot would now and again be replaced by a new model.

Far more likely did that halt eventuate from a warning (or maybe just a plain "hunch") that danger lay ahead and that it were well to upset possible terrorist calculations by putting the express's time-table out of joint.

The "Giant" had constantly to be thinking out stunts of this kind in order to defeat potential lurkers along his way.

Sometimes Titulescu's coach would be uncoupled and shunted into an off-the-map siding for hours, perhaps days on end, while he worked concentratedly and at the same time outwitted always possible emissaries of the Iron Guard. Or else this world statesman would descend outside such and such a city and continue in by road. Why he never used the road more it is hard to understand, for the broad highway in a high-powered car can be undeniably safer when one is on the run—no halts in stations, and none knowing when one is to arrive. Fixed arrivals at railway termini have ever been the assassin's prayer. However, Titulescu avoided as far as possible any fixed anything.

Stranger, perhaps, that this "wanted" statesman never took to the exclusive air. Yet the truth probably is that Nicolas Titulescu grew in time to have a regard for his special as the safest home he was ever likely to know while in office. With a trusted body-guard at the doors, ready to shoot for effect, the soul of the Little Entente, the high priest of the League Covenant *à outrance*, could carry on in a fair amount of security. More so, for that matter, than he could either in Paris or Geneva, his principal diplomatic halting-places during the year, as the cut-off and wooded tip of sun-steeped Cap Martin remained his pleasure-ground.

Paris was marked "danger," and this great friend and ally of the Republic would watch his step by staying now at the Embassy, now at this, that, or the other hotel of the "palace" variety. At Geneva, as at full-dress conferences, policy would usually be to rent a quiet villa on the outskirts. I have been told that Titulescu felt safer beneath Mont Blanc than anywhere else: rare tribute to the Genevan detective force if we bear in mind the mixed crowd that can gate-crash the League, or hang around in its vicinity. In point of fact is it not extraordinary that in sixteen hectic and violent years not a single assassination,

(Continued on page 472)

ON HOLIDAY AT CAP MARTIN: It was while he was taking this rest cure that M. Titulescu heard the news that he had been dropped from the Cabinet

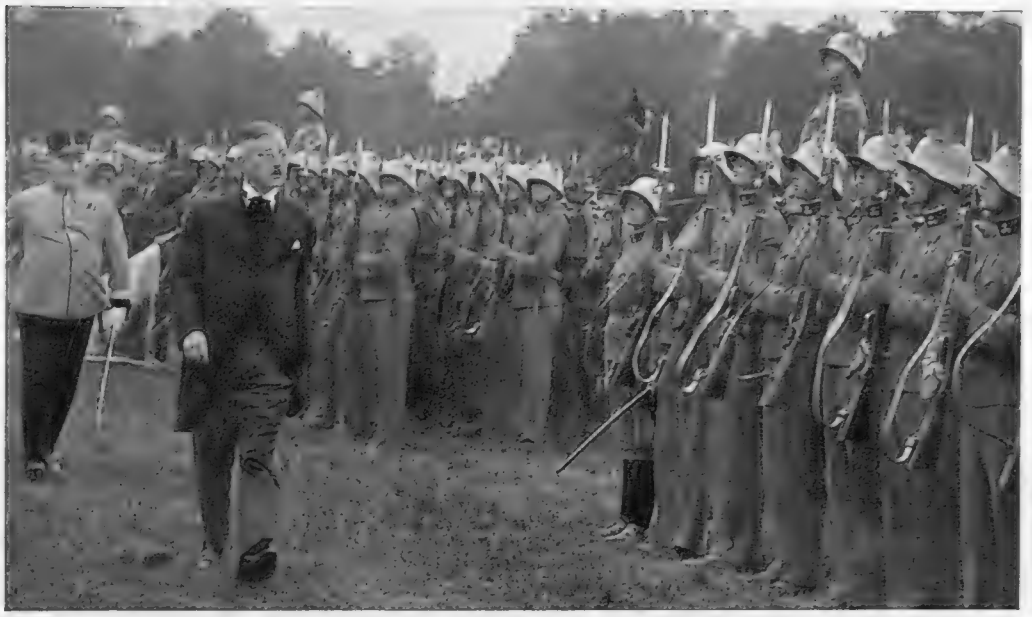
NEWS from EUROPE and the FAR EAST

Happenings in Austria, Italy, Rumania, India, Japan, and China

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN MINIATURE: Admiral Nagano, Minister of Marine, and General Terauchi, Minister for War, inspecting the diorama of the battle of Genkai-Nada, at which Jenghis Khan's Mongol forces were defeated by the Japanese more than 700 years ago. A picture taken at the recent Historical Exhibition in Ueno Park, Tokyo

INDO-JAPANESE TRADE NEGOTIATIONS: The Hon. T. A. Stewart of the Indian Government Commerce Department, and His Excellency K. Yonezawa, Japanese Consul General in Simla, in conference at Simla where they have been preparing a new commercial agreement between their respective countries to take the place of the expiring agreement which regulates cotton imports and exports

DISASTER IN CHINESE WATERS: The British steamer *Sunning* on the rocks at Junk Bay, Hongkong, where she was driven during a typhoon. The forepart of the vessel was torn away. All the passengers were rescued



THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR AT THE THERESIAN MILITARY ACADEMY AT NEUSTADT: Herr von Schuschnigg inspecting a guard of honour before the announcement of army appointments. On Friday of last week he was received in audience by King Edward at the British Legation in Vienna

REWARD OF SURRENDER: Ras Gugsa, the first Abyssinian chief to go over to the Italians during the East African War, recently arrived in Italy as the guest of the Government and is pictured here during a visit to the Dux camping ground, near Rome, where he witnessed a parade of 25,000 young Fascists

"THE MAN WHO SPOKE WITH GOD": General Sichitu, who stood proxy for the godfather, King Carol, holding in his arms the infant son of Petrache Lupu, the Rumanian shepherd "saint," when the child was christened recently in the presence of a large crowd who came from all parts of the country to witness the ceremony. Lupu, who is standing on the General's right, is greatly revered in Rumania and is the central figure in a nation-wide revivalist movement. He claims to have talked with God when tending his sheep on the hillside near the little village of Magiavit, stating that the Lord appeared before him warning him of the evil of his ways and counselling him not only to attend church more regularly but to assist his fellow men in the right path. During the past year tremendous religious fervour has been aroused by this simple shepherd's tale and a shrine has already been built in his honour. *On left*—Peasants driving through a dusty pass on the way to attend the baptism

PALESTINE'S ARMED JEWS

DOING THEIR BIT: These Jewish youths help to keep watch for Arab raiders on their farm settlement. Their rifles are loaded only with blank cartridges but their parents have proper service rifles and ammunition which have been issued to them by the British authorities

EVENING VIGIL: A mounted member of the Ghaffir (the recently formed force of Jewish auxiliary police) on duty in the Balfour Wood, part of which was recently set on fire by the Arabs and now presents a sorry sight. Down in the valley is the Ginegar agricultural settlement

KEEPING IN TOUCH: This look-out post is in telephonic communication with the main buildings of a Jordan valley settlement, so that the watchmen can immediately report the approach of a raiding party

WAR IN THE GILBOA MOUNTAINS: While their colleagues till the fields these men keep constant guard in this trench they have excavated on the outskirts of their farm colony

The pictures on these two pages for the most part illustrate the effective manner in which the Jewish settlers are defending their farms in the Holy Land, while the accompanying article gives an interesting insight into the agricultural development of the country which of recent years has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, only to be checked by the present racial troubles which have brought commercial intercourse almost to a standstill.

THERE are now some 169 Jewish agricultural settlements, or colonies, in Palestine, dotting the land all the way from Dan in the north to Beersheba in the south. There are eight around Jerusalem, fifty in Judea, forty-eight in the Emek or Plain of Esdraelon, twenty-one in Lower Galilee and the Jordan Valley, and the remainder in Upper Galilee. The question of their protection as well as their fields and crops is causing anxiety to the authorities, and calls for the services of a large force.

The settlements vary considerably in size and also in population, ranging from 800 to 1,500 acres in area, and from a score or so of settlers to as many as a thousand. They are in every sense of the term model institutions of their kind. The farm buildings are specially designed to meet the requirements of the country and the climate, well ventilated and roomy, and equipped with the latest labour-saving devices. The dwellings of the workers are constructed on hygienic lines and possess all necessary conveniences. Many of the settlements are lit by electric light and electric power is used on the farm. The larger colonies boast of their synagogue, school, hall and store—flourishing townships in fact.

Some of the colonies devote themselves to mixed farming, others to dairy farming, others again to raising cereals, citrus fruit, or other products. Much depends upon the soil, situation, the kind of produce it is proposed to cultivate, and the type of settler.

In some colonies the farms, running from 80 to 150 acres apiece, are individually owned, and are run much as are farms in this country, hired labour being the rule. In others, the settlements are split up into small holdings, each farm being entirely managed by the settler and his family. Although each individual family runs its own farm independently, there is a co-operative buying and selling agency, mutual help is systematised, and mutual responsibility is organised to a high degree. The village affairs are administered by a committee which is representative of all the holders. There are thirty-five of these small-holders' settlements, or Moshavim as they are called.

No farming venture has awakened such interest as the communal or kvuzoth settlements, where the whole estate is worked and developed in common, every member having equal rights, "each giving according to his capacity and receiving according to his needs." All incomes and expenses are pooled. There is a common dining-room where all members take their meals, and a common nursery where the children are looked after while their mothers see to the work of the home and attend to other duties.

Because everything is held in common and everyone shares alike the settlers are accused of being Communists, but this is hardly correct.

ORGANISING THE DEFENCE: The central switchboard phonic communication is maintained with the out of the building is turned in the direction indi

THE COMMUNAL DINING ROOM in the settle unsuccessful raids have been made against this

DEFEND their FARM COLONIES

PREPARED FOR TROUBLE: One of the settlements near Jerusalem is so exposed to Arab attacks that the auxiliary police have built this elaborate stone fortification and now man it day and night

I have always found the settlers in these colonies, and there are a number of them, a hospitable crowd, working hard and loyally together. The largest of these communal settlements is Ein Harod in the Plain of Jezreel.

When I visited it a few months ago the community numbered about 500 souls, and they were farming over 5,000 acres. The cowsheds, stables and buildings and their equipment were modern, and the bungalows of the married people quite attractive residences. The children's dormitory was one of the largest buildings on the estate and a model of its kind. It was the home of many little tots who were being looked after by competent nurses and they were quite happy and contented. I stayed to lunch, a wholesome meal of soup, meat and vegetables, pie, tea or coffee, with biscuits and cheese. I noticed two Arabs among the guests. They had called at the colony about something and it being lunch time they were invited to stay. Whatever may be said about these settlements where the workers hold everything in common, they are playing an important part in the absorption of new immigrants. New arrivals are sent here and taught the various branches of farming before being transferred elsewhere.

The contrast between these Jewish farms and those of the Arabs is most striking. The Arab farmer still ploughs with a primitive wooden instrument fitted with an iron shoe and drawn over the ground by an ox or a mule. He reaps by hand by means of a sickle. The grain is then carried to the threshing floor outside the villages, where it is patiently treaded out by oxen, work that often takes weeks, and then winnowed by being tossed into the air by a wooden fork, the grain falling in a heap and the chaff carried farther away by the wind. Such methods may be picturesque, and a reminder of those followed in Bible times, but they cannot compete with the Jew with his up-to-date machinery and scientific methods.

The Jews now own some 189,000 acres of land in Palestine upon which some 68,000 of their people are engaged in agricultural work. The cost of settling a family on the land is about £700, exclusive of the purchase price of the land and initial developments. The income from such a farm enables the settler to maintain household and stables, and to set aside a certain reserve whereby he ultimately becomes the owner of the farm. The majority of the settlers—and a very fine type they are, sturdy and healthy, and imbued with a determination to make good—are from Eastern Europe, though there are many from the countries of Western Europe. **Harold J. Shepstone**

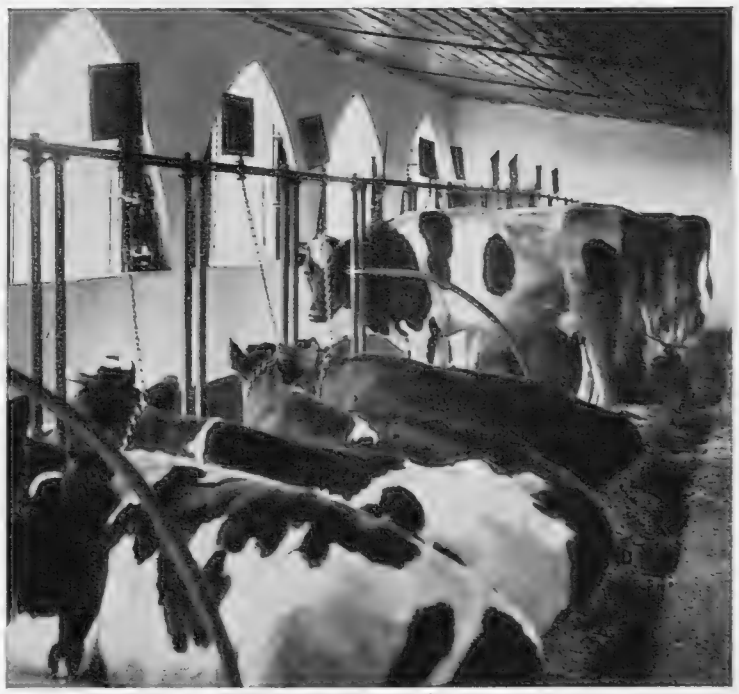
at one of the larger settlements where constant telecated, and as a rule the Arabs are prompted to retire posts. If an attack is reported a searchlight on the roof

ment of Ein Harod in the Plain of Jezreel. Several place during the past few months of civil strife

Jewish Immigration

IN the British Government's annual report on Palestine and Trans-Jordan to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations, published on June 10, it was revealed that the numbers of Jewish immigrants for the past four years were:—1932, 9,553; 1933, 30,327; 1934, 42,359; 1935, 61,854. Of the 1935 immigrants, 6,309 were capitalist immigrants owning at least £1,000 each. The number of labour immigrants was 27,729. The report estimated that the number of German Jews in Palestine at the end of 1935 was 30,000

PATROL DUTY: This labourer uses one of the farm horses when making the rounds of the estate to see that all is well. In these troubled days his is now a wholetime job, and a dangerous one at that



MODERNITY IN THE BYRE: Part of the magnificent herd of Holstein cattle at Nahalal, one of the Jewish colonies in the Plain of Jezreel. Triangular-shaped windows with ventilators ensure adequate light and air, and the utmost attention is paid to cleanliness. Electrical milking equipment has not as yet been introduced there

LARGE SCALE HARVESTING: A combined reaping and threshing machine dealing with the crop in the cornfields of Ein Harod, Plain of Jezreel. Rising up in the far distance are the mountains of Moab

THE BERLIN "PEOPLE'S THEATRE"

Where All Members' Seats are 1s. and are Drawn by Lot

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MASSES: The main entrance to the Theater des Volkes, near the Friedrichstrasse Station, Berlin, which is run by the Nazi Leisure Hour Organisation (equivalent of Italy's Dopolavoro) and sets out to provide high-class entertainment for its patrons at a moderate price. Two-thirds of the seats are available for Leisure Hour members at one shilling, and one-third for the general public at usual theatre prices. The present production is a revue entitled *Let's Have a Good Time*

IN Germany all workers, and incidentally also the employers, can become members of only one industrial organisation, the Labour Front, which, with the advent of the National Socialist régime a few years ago, took over the functions of the trade unions and employers' organisations.

To provide for inexpensive leisure time occupations the Labour Front has a subsidiary called the Leisure Hour Organisation, which gives workers many facilities, including cruises, journeys to the sea or to the mountains, courses of physical training, and outdoor sport at cheap rates.

It has also set itself the task of providing good and inexpensive stage entertainment. In Berlin, and other cities, it either runs its own theatres or guarantees the bulk of the seats. The largest of the theatres run expressly for the Leisure Hour Organisation is the former Grosses Schauspielhaus in Berlin, famous for its Reinhardt and Haller revue traditions and for years one of the most popular places of entertainment in the German capital.

Formerly a circus and then transformed by Max Reinhardt into a theatre, this great circular building near the Friedrichstrasse Station in Berlin has now become the People's Own Theatre. Until quite recently no tickets could be bought in the ordinary manner, as all the seats were reserved for members of the Leisure Hour Organisation. The excellence of the productions has, however, prompted the organisers to admit the general public by providing for a small number of tickets (about one-third) to be sold for each performance at ordinary theatre prices.

Members of the Leisure Hour Organisation enjoy a special tariff. They pay only the equivalent of one shilling in exchange for a voucher, which they produce at the entrance to the theatre on the day of its validity. For each voucher produced the person presenting it is allowed to draw one ticket from a covered receptacle. Thus every one has the same chance of obtaining good or bad seats. Matters are so arranged, however, that two or more people can sit together if they signify a wish to do so before making the draw. Even large parties can be accommodated in this way.

Peer Gynt by Ibsen, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Goetz von Berlichingen* by Goethe, *Frau Luna*, an operetta by Paul Lincke and an operetta by Strauss, are some of the productions which immediately preceded *Let's Have a Good Time*, a revue which started this spring and has been on ever since. It is intended to repeat the production of *Peer Gynt* this autumn as it had only a comparatively short run owing to the last minute decision to stage a revue for the summer.

It will be seen that under this scheme the German worker is not only provided with uplift in his leisure hours but also with amusing entertainment pure and simple. The acting reaches quite a high standard and some of the artistes are already making big names for themselves.

A. A. G.

THE FARMYARD BALLET: Another exhilarating scene in the revue; the artistes wearing costumes appropriate to the title of the number. It is said that there is no attempt at putting over National Socialist propaganda in this or any other of the productions staged at the theatre

THE STEIN DANCE: One of the highlights of the "People's Theatre" show, *Let's Have a Good Time*, which was put on in the spring and has proved so successful that it has been running ever since. In the autumn it is to be succeeded by a revival of *Peer Gynt*

LEFT TO CHANCE: On arrival at the theatre those bearing vouchers of admission exchange these for numbered seat tickets which they draw from a bin at the entrance. Thus every playgoer has an equal opportunity of gaining a first-class view of the show

THE GIRL USHERS wear white blouses and dark skirts, a uniform resembling that adopted by the Hitler Youth Girls Groups. They are kept very busy as the theatre seldom has a vacant seat on any night of the week, even during the summer holiday period

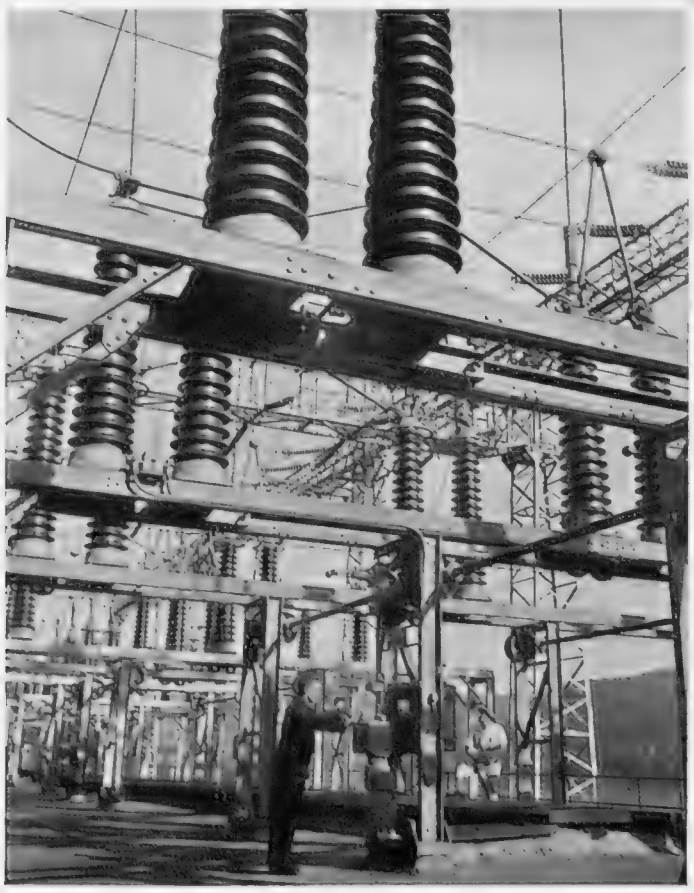
A NOVEL GERMAN POWER PLANT

River Water Pumped Up Hill at Night and Released the Next Day to Feed the Turbines Below

ENGINEERING INGENUITY: As it was found impossible to build a dam at the required level without submerging valuable agricultural land, the designers of the hydro-electric installation at Waldeck, Central Germany, have ensured a regular flow in the power-house by using surplus electricity at night (when domestic demands are small) to pump water through these pipes from the river Eder up to a reservoir 900 ft. above river level, releasing it the next day to feed the turbines below, a pressure then being developed that far outweighs the cost of pumping

THE RIVER EDER viewed from the power-house, part of the open air switching system of which is built on concrete piers rising from the water. This is necessitated by the fact that there is insufficient space for such structures between the mountain and the river

CREATING AN ARTIFICIAL RESERVOIR: The dam built in the hills to hold in check until required the water pumped up from the river Eder. A motor road runs along the summit



ON THE POWER STATION ROOF: The open air switching system for the distribution of the current which provides a 30,000-volt supply

PERILOUS PERCH: Carrying out repairs to one of the insulators, high above the Eder

THE main principle of this installation (writes the "Sphere's" Engineering correspondent) is similar to a small hydro-electric scheme at Walkerburn, Peeblesshire, completed in 1918. In that case, owing to the continuous available flow of the river not being sufficient for all requirements, a mechanical storage of the possible energy is resorted to. The mill for which the power is used runs only about fifty hours a week, so during the idle hours of the daily twenty-four the power is used to pump water up a hill to a storage reservoir about 1,050 ft. above the power-house. During the working hours the water in the reservoir flows down again to a water turbine at the bottom and augments the power of the mill

KING AND DICTATOR: King Edward driving with Kemal Ataturk through the beflagged streets of Istanbul, where His Majesty received a tremendous ovation from the assembled populace. This was the first time that an English monarch had ever landed in Turkey and no pains were spared in making the visit memorable

A DAY AT GALLIPOLI: The King with General Altay, hero of the Turkish war of liberation, standing beside one of the memorials to Britain's war dead, when he visited the cemeteries of the Dardanelles and, in so doing, fulfilled a promise made to his father

HIS MAJESTY IN VIENNA, where he arrived on September 8 in the luxurious private train placed at his disposal by the Turkish President. *Left*—Being greeted by Dr. Schmidt, the Austrian Foreign Secretary, at the Eastern Station. *Right*—Watching a cigarette machine at work at the International Sample Fair

PRESENTATION: His Majesty receiving Dr. Ludwig Draxler, Finance Minister in the Schuschnigg Cabinet, one of the several political notabilities he met during his stay in the Austrian capital

IN THE BALKANS: King Edward and King Boris of Bulgaria pictured together during a sightseeing tour of Sofia. His Majesty arrived on the morning of September 7 and left for Vienna the same day

ROYAL HOLIDAY

The Diary of King Edward's Historic Journey on Land and Sea

By EDWARD BRADDEN

THE King's brief holiday, so hardly earned, is ended. And at this juncture it is interesting to look back on it. It is, indeed, important to look back on it. For what began so unexpectedly and so quietly has developed into a triumphal progress—a progress all the more astonishing when one considers that the cheers which have rung the loudest have been in countries which were "enemy countries" during the great war.

"It's an ill wind"—we all know about that; but who could have foreseen the effects of the causes—the uprising in Spain and the troubles in France—which resulted in the closing of the western Mediterranean to his Britannic Majesty King Edward VIII. Sunlit shores which, for three generations of the Royal House of Windsor, have always been accounted as a natural holiday ground for British monarchs.

The announcement that the King was to cruise down the Dalmatian coast of the Adriatic came almost as a shock. Even in these days of tours by sea, the Adriatic is still comparatively little known. The coasts of Yugoslavia, Montenegro, and Albania are best known to yachtsmen with the means to moor off age-old cities or coasts where, in August, the "white oleanders bloom in a scented silence in which time stands still."

We must take it, therefore, that it was purely the King's yachting instincts which took him to the Dalmatian coast. His Majesty needed rest; but what "holiday" it has proved. The rest he needed can only have been partially vouchsafed him.

It was just a month after he had left England that he reached Vienna; and practically only a fortnight of that time was spent in even comparative peace. From the day he reached Athens on August 25 his daily round has been mainly one of duty punctuated by frantic cheers. And there is no rest nor peace in cheers.

Out of the swiftly moving pieces of the King's kaleidoscopic holiday one may dwell for a moment on some particularly shimmering facet. But nothing stands out more sharply than his driving side by side with our once determined enemy, Kemal Ataturk, through Constantinople — through the cheering crowds of a people who twenty years ago were at death grips with ourselves.

Three days later the King was to be the adulation of Sofia—capital of another "enemy country" of the old war days.

Thence to be the darling of Vienna, capital of the country on which were laid all the ex-Kaiser's excuses for the world war.

What a holiday! But then, what a monarch! It may sound a trifle preposterous, but we seem to have a king who has enslaved the world.

The record of this remarkable trip is, perhaps, best told in diary form.

August 9.—The King is welcomed on the Yugoslavian frontier by Prince Paul, Senior Regent and brother-in-law of the Duchess of Kent.

August 10: Sibenik. — Cheers of holiday-making peasants follow the *Nahlin* which, with the King aboard, sails southward escorted by the destroyers *Glow-worm* and *Grafton*.

August 11: Off the Matvelloas Islands.—The King bathes and fishes from the yacht's side. The *Nahlin* sails for Rab.

August 12: Novigrad.—Townsfolk were what is described as "almost delirious with delight," when the King landed. An old fisherman from whom His Majesty made a small purchase refused all payment, declaring that he would be glad to give all he had, even his life for the King.

August 13: Velebit.—From this lovely inlet the *Nahlin* makes for the beaches of Northern Dalmatia.

August 14: Channel of Novigrad.—Having explored the channel and visited the islet of Morata, the King catches salmon-trout in the mouth of the river Vrmanur.

August 15: Off Spalato (Split).—Visits the little town, which is *en fête*.. Receives Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana Cooper on board the *Nahlin*.

August 16: Off the Village of Loumbarda.—At the appearance of the *Nahlin*, a local band plays the British National Anthem. The King bathes and talks to fisherfolk.

August 17: A Long Cruise from the island of Lortchoula to the port of Ragusa (Dubrovnik), where the King met with a great welcome and climbed the high tower of the fourteenth-century ramparts.

August 18: Ragusa (Dubrovnik).—Takes tea and dinner in local restaurants. His Majesty expresses to the Harbour Master his admiration for the Yugoslavian coast and his pleasure at the friendliness of the people.

(Continued on page 472)

HOLLAND—AMERICA

THE DUTCH ROYAL ENGAGEMENT: A childhood study of Princess Juliana (*top*) and (*above*) the Princess and her fiancé, Prince Bernhard zur Lippe-Biesterfeld, pictured together at the Hague Palace after speaking to the nation over the wireless, when the Prince thanked the people for the reception accorded him and announced that he hoped the marriage would take place in two or three months

HOLLAND EN FÊTE: Fisher girls from Schweningen acclaiming Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard as they filed past the Hague Palace last Saturday, which was set aside as a day of national rejoicing. Fêtes were held in all the principal cities, Amsterdam celebrating the occasion with a battle of flowers from the air, K.L.M. 'planes swooping down on Vondel Park and dropping roses on the crowd

NIPPON WITHIN THE GOLDEN GATE: Two Japanese warships, both of which saw service in the war with Russia, recently paid a visit to San Francisco, the most important Pacific coast naval base, and were received with tremendous enthusiasm by members of the city's Japanese colony (who took full advantage of the opportunity to display their patriotism and their hospitality) but with a certain reserve by the local Press which was inclined to question the true purpose of the call. *Left*—Men of the lower deck being served with tea at a party held in their honour. *Right*—In accordance with national custom stands such as this, equipped with washing trough, dusters, and brooms, were set up so that visitors to the ships could cleanse hands and clothes before going aboard

STORMED AT BY SHOT AND SHELL: The famous Alcazar at Toledo reduced to ruins by Government artillery during the long-drawn-out siege. On Monday of this week 1,200 rebels, including women and children, were still holding out in part of the building, though in hourly danger of annihilation and enduring untold privation

THE ALCAZAR IN THE DAYS OF ITS GLORY: The famous Toledo citadel and, in the foreground, the Alcantara Bridge, for long a favourite subject with English artists

Old Toledo—A Centre of Spanish Conflict

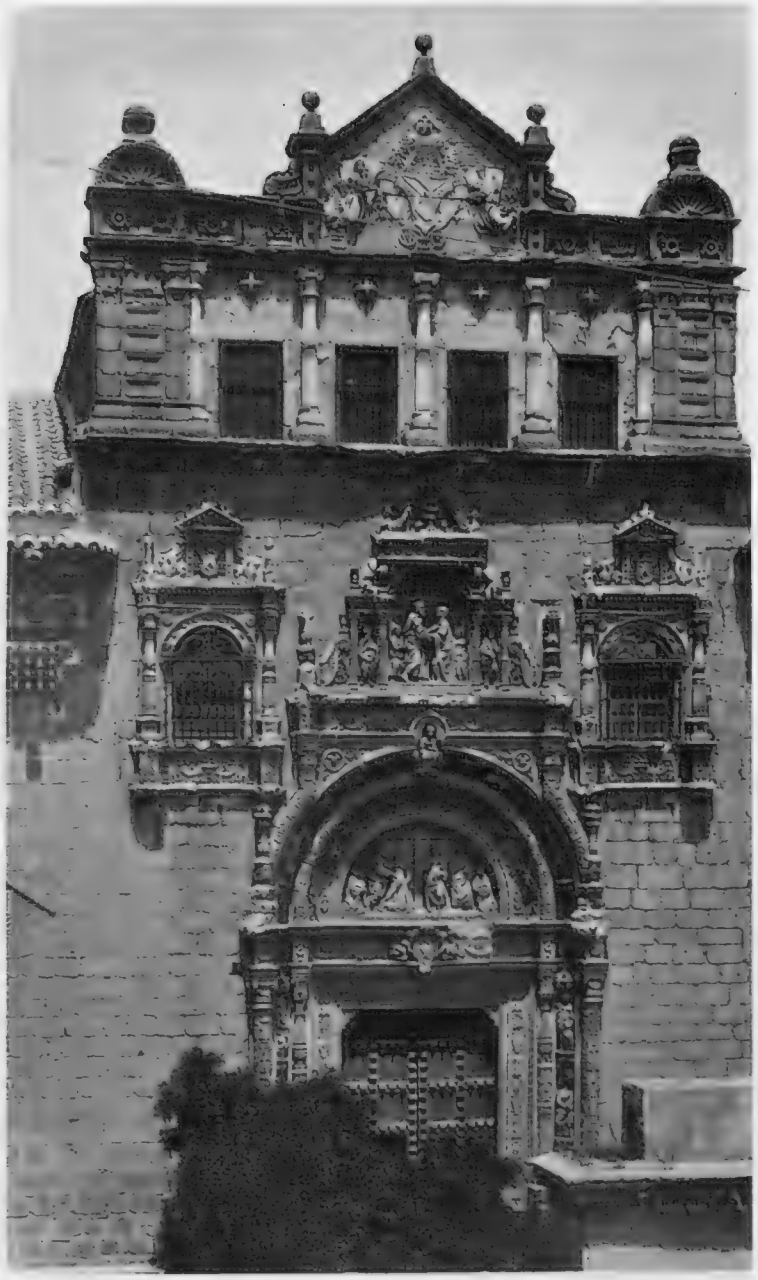
Historic Buildings Shelled by the Government Artillery

During the present struggle in Spain both sides have shown a ruthlessness that is scarcely credible, and it has been by good luck rather than through forethought that so few famous buildings have suffered in the wanton destruction of property. The ancient city of Toledo, however, has had no such good fortune, and it seems impossible that the Alcazar can ever be restored, so fierce has been the bombardment to which it has been subjected.

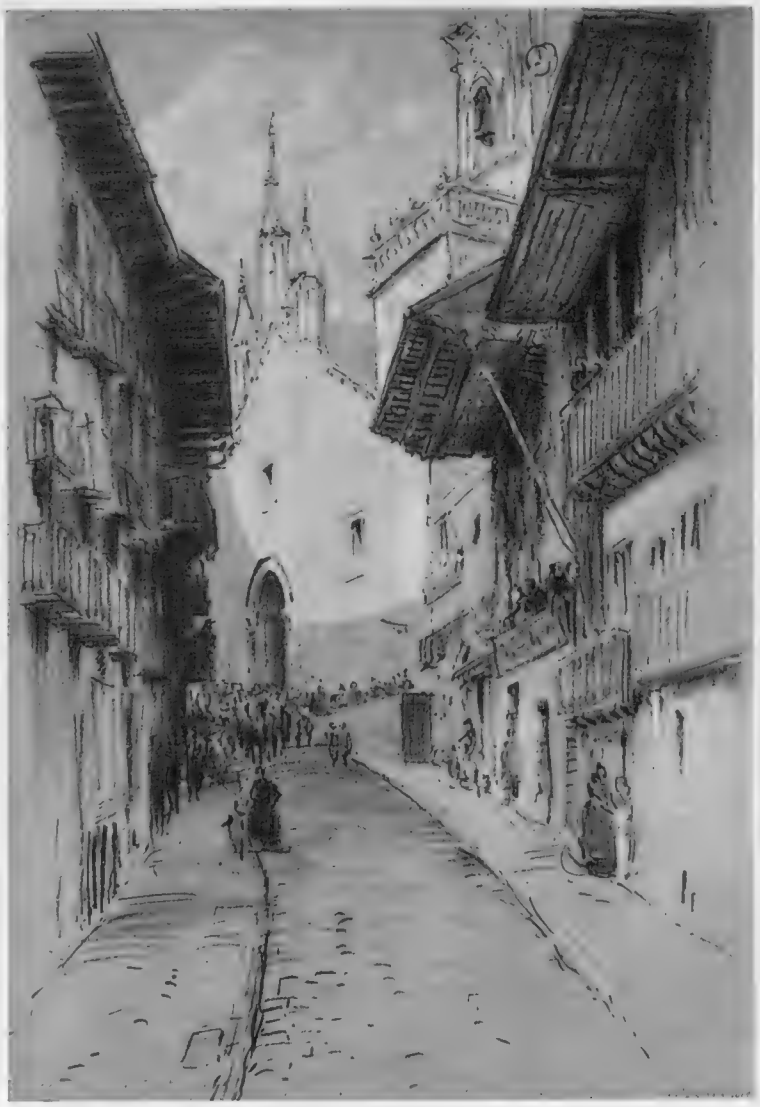
This citadel of many vicissitudes occupies the highest point in the city and stands on the site of a fort founded by Alonso VI in 1085 and developed under his successors into a castle and royal palace, receiving the title of Alcazar in the reign of Ferdinand the Saint. Charles V practically rebuilt it in its modern day form with the aid of the most illustrious architects in Spain, but since then it has thrice been burned; in 1710, during the Spanish War of Succession, by General Staremberg; in 1810 by the French when they evacuated the place; and in 1887 by accident. Since 1882 the Alcazar has been used as a cadet school, and of recent years some of the rooms on the ground floor have been arranged to accommodate the Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry museums formerly in Madrid. It is presumed that most of the treasures housed there are now lost, together with the architectural masterpieces of such men of genius as Herrera, Covarrubias, and Villapando.

An almost equally important building that has suffered, though to a much lesser degree, is the Hospital de Santa Cruz, a remarkable Renaissance edifice, which latterly has been used as the Provincial Museum. In the galleries are prehistoric, Roman, Visigothic, and Moorish antiquities, some of them unique. If these are lost it will indeed be a tragedy.

On right—CHARMED LIFE: An old street in the little Basque frontier town of Fuenterrabia which during its chequered history has been repeatedly besieged, bombarded, and taken by storm, but still preserves its quaint medieval character with its narrow ways and handsome houses with projecting roofs and wrought iron balconies. During General Mola's campaign in the north the place has once again escaped serious damage although, while the battle was raging round Irun, it was the scene of some desperate fighting



DAMAGED BY THE REDS: The Hospital de Santa Cruz, which was built between 1494 and 1514 by Enrique de Egas for Cardinal Pedro Mendoza, is another of Toledo's famous buildings reported to have been hit by Government artillery during the siege. Elaborate reliefs adorn the main entrance which is constructed of "piedra blanca de la Rosa" and marble



Drawn by Percy Horne

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A Land Brought into the Limelight by the New Anglo-Egyptian Treaty — Its Early History and the Impressive Record of its Modern Administrators

symmetrically laid out residential quarter of the The bridge links up with Khartum proper

The paddle-wheel steamer on the river is General Gordon and arrived two days too late

north of Omdurman, and utterly defeated in an encounter which has been not inaptly described as the greatest triumph of arms of precision over barbarians in the history of the world. Many of the Khalifa's Emirs and thousands of his followers fell on the field of battle but he himself escaped with a few faithful adherents and was eventually slain at the battle of Um Debreikat about a year later by a force under the command of Sir Reginald Wingate.

A grim chapter in the troubled history of the Sudan was thus brought to a close, and a new era opened for the people of the country. The Sudan had been wrested from the domination of the Khalifa by a mixed force of British and Egyptian troops under the command of a British general but it was obvious that the Egyptians would be unable to bring the country under administrative control and govern it without British direction and support. It was accordingly decided to create an Anglo-Egyptian condominium over the Sudan under the control of a British Governor-General and the continued existence of this condominium has been provided for in the Treaty recently signed in London by representatives of the British and Egyptian Governments. In 1899 Lord Kitchener was appointed the first Governor-General of the newly constituted Anglo-Egyptian Sudan and immediately commenced to open up the country and bring it under administrative control. Military officers who had accompanied the expeditionary force were selected for administrative duties, and in due course many of these officers abandoned their military careers and took permanent service in the civil administration. The administrators in the early days of the existence of the condominium were faced with a truly formidable task. They had to deal with a vast country nearly a million square miles in area, largely unmapped and unknown, which consisted of rainless desert regions in the north and swamps and tropical forests in the south, and was, moreover, inhabited, not only by Arabs and people of Arab descent, but also by a conglomeration of peoples whose customs and languages were quite unknown.

The evil memories of the last administration imposed upon them by a civilised Power lingered in the minds of all tribesmen and they were not unnaturally suspicious of the intentions of their new masters. In addition the Khalifa had laid waste large regions, and in many cases completely disorganised tribal life and shattered tribal loyalties. With slender funds at their disposal and with little to help them but a wholesome respect for their military prowess, the first military administrators embarked upon their task of redeeming the Sudan. Khartum was rebuilt and connected up by rail with Wadi Halfa and steamer services were organised on the Blue and White Niles. The country was divided up into provinces and each province was gradually brought under administrative control. Surveys were pushed forward, telegraph lines were laid and hospitals and schools were opened. The people soon realised that their new masters differed from those who had ruled them in the past, appreciation and loyalty replaced suspicion and distrust, and in the space of a few years the whole country was transformed.

Less than a year after he had been appointed Governor-General Lord Kitchener was called away to the South African war, and was succeeded by one of his ablest lieutenants, Sir Reginald Wingate, who had fought through various Nile expeditions, and had an unrivalled knowledge of the Sudan and its people. For seventeen long years Sir Reginald Wingate held the appointment of Governor-General, and he may justly be called the father of the modern Sudan. During his term of office the foundations of future progress were well and truly laid. A permanent political and departmental civil service was created, railway and other communications were extended and improved, an up-to-date port provided with modern equipment was established on the Red Sea coast, and a scheme for the construction of a large dam on the Blue Nile to bring the fertile Gezira plain south of Khartum under cotton cultivation was inaugurated. Above all, Sir Reginald Wingate and his lieutenants gained the confidence of the people of the Sudan in a remarkable manner, and this confidence their successors have retained.

Behind the efforts of all administrators in the Sudan has been a fixed determination to train and educate the Sudanese so that they should one day be able to play a part in the development and administration of their own country and this determination has already borne fruit. To-day Sudanese occupy positions in almost every walk of life in the Sudan. Administrative officers, civil judges, magistrates, engineers, surveyors, and school masters of Sudanese origin play an important part in the administration of the country. Sudanese officers hold commissions in the military forces and the police, and Sudanese doctors, trained in Khartum, function in hospitals throughout the country. But this is not all. In addition to the part played by trained and

(Continued on page 480)

The drawings on these two pages, showing some of the varying native types in the service of the Sudan Defence Force, are the work of Mr. Edwin Sarsfield-Hall, C.M.G.

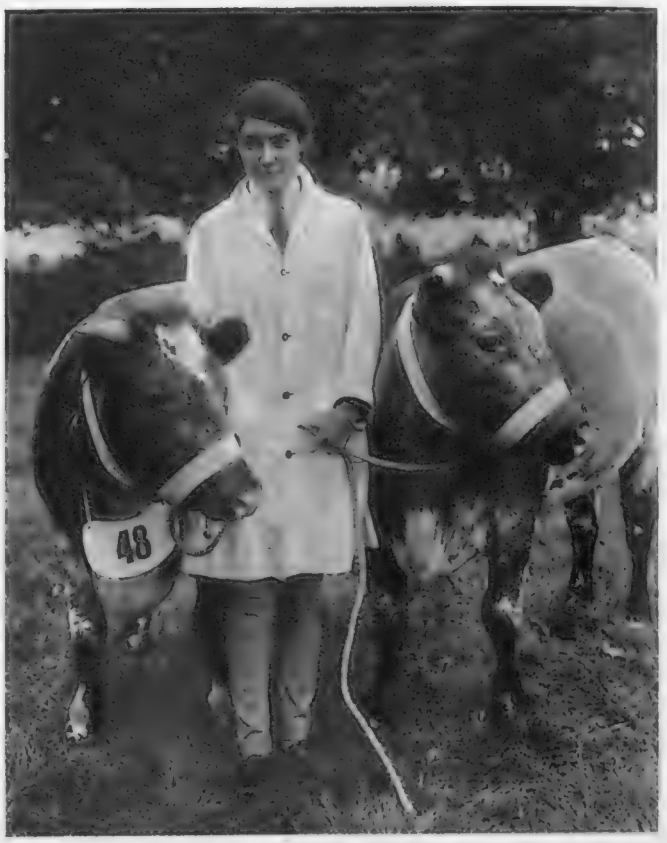
THE WINDING WHITE NILE where it temporarily divides into a number of channels before joining forces with the Blue Nile in Khartum. *Right*—A man of the Camel Corps

A MAN OF THE WESTERN ARAB CORPS

A MAN OF THE EQUATORIAL CORPS

MAINLY PERSONAL

THE ABOYNE HIGHLAND GAMES: H. W. Murray, of Stewardfield, in action when winning the "throwing the weight by ring" contest at last week's gathering which was held in the presence of some 20,000 people including the Marquess of Huntly who instituted these games in 1867 and, although now in his ninetieth year, still takes a lively interest in the various events



PRIDE OF ACHIEVEMENT: Miss Oldfield with her two prize-winning heifers at Princes Risborough Agricultural Show, always a popular event with Buckinghamshire farming folk. One of the features this year was a coaching marathon organised by Mr. Bertram Mills

THE YOUNG VISITORS: Juvenile members of Lord and Lady Glentanar's party who were interested spectators when they accompanied their parents to the Aboyne gathering. Left to right—Master John and Miss Anne Pretyman, the children of Lady Karen Pretyman, Master Angus Cameron, son of the Hon. Mrs. Donald Cameron, Miss Zoe d'Erlanger, and the Hon. Jean Coates

TO WED: Mr. Loel Guinness, son of Mr. Benjamin Guinness and M.P. for Bath, and Lady Isabel Manners, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, whose engagement has just been announced. Lady Isabel is a niece of Lady Diana Cooper

POLITICIAN AND BOOKMAN: Mr. Ernest Brown preparing his books for removal from his flat in Rosebery Avenue to his new house in Camden Town, whither he has been compelled to go through the need for more accommodation for his vast library of 11,000 volumes

COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS: Major the Hon. Robert Bruce with his son, Mr. Robert Bruce, who has just attained his majority. The latter is a nephew of the Earl of Elgin and is descended from Robert the Bruce

SURGICAL TRIUMPH: Elizabeth Smith, an eight-year old Canadian girl, in a ward of the Graduate Hospital in Philadelphia where she is now recovering from an extremely delicate operation involving the removal of a tooth from her lung. Her home is in Toronto

GETTING READY *for the* GREAT PARIS EXHIBITION *of* 1937

Imposing Buildings Going Up on Both Sides of the Seine

IN THE SHADOW OF THE EIFFEL TOWER: A mechanical grab at work excavating the foundations of the building which is destined to occupy the site of the now demolished Palais de Trocadero and will be one of the outstanding pavilions at the Paris Art in Industry Exhibition to be held throughout the late spring, summer, and autumn of next year

THE VAST PALACES OF MODERN ART now being built on a site by the banks of the Seine and looking across towards the Eiffel Tower side of the river. The Exhibition will cover a total area of one hundred and thirty acres, and the model of it, seen in course of construction in the right-hand picture, shows how the Tower, which dates from the Exhibition of 1889, is once again being employed as a central feature. The original idea was to demolish it, but the cost of taking such a drastic course was regarded as prohibitive

A GRACEFULLY CURVING WING OF THE NEW TROCADERO, designed on distinctly modern lines as one of the exhibition's permanent buildings and taking the place of the old Palais, which was built in Oriental style, and was for so many years a familiar Paris landmark. The main intention of the exhibition is to demonstrate contemporary industrial and scientific progress, and also the need for more commercial products of individual character as opposed to those that are mass-produced. In the British Pavilion, which is to be situated in a commanding position on the Qual d'Orsay, British quality goods will be well represented

BOOM IN THE THEATRE

Stage Entertainment Enjoys a New Lease of Life as Cinema Box-office Takings Decline : What it Costs to Present a West End Show

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE theatre has never been in a more flourishing state than it is at the moment. Hollywood, Elstree, and Denham—according to the theatre producers—have shown the public all they can, and until they produce something sensational such as a stereoscopic film, the public is likely to stay away in ever increasing numbers. This is proved by the fact that Hollywood is already compelled to put four or five stars into each film in order to keep the public interested. The reaction from the films is towards the theatre, and this summer has been the most successful for many years.

No wonder, then, that over £200,000 is being spent in productions making their first appearance in London in this month of September alone. But how will it have been spent? Most people when they go to the theatre take everything for granted. They grumble at the price of their seats and it never occurs to them to wonder how much money has been spent for their two or three hours' entertainment.

There are two chief items on the financial side of theatrical productions—the production expenses themselves and the running costs of the show. They are, of course, very closely related. The production cost is spent before the curtain rises. This can be as much as £25,000 in the case of a musical play. The producer is then faced with his running costs. These include the salaries of artistes and staff, the cost of the lighting, advertising, and printing.

The theatre rental is on a different basis. With very rare exceptions producers and syndicates do not pay a flat sum to hire a theatre. They will do one of two things. They will either share the cost with the theatre to the tune of 65 per cent. in favour of the producer and 35 per cent. for the owners of the theatre (or possibly 60 per cent. and 40 per cent.), or they will pay a flat 10 per cent. gross of all the box-office receipts. In the latter case they have to pay themselves for all the front of the house costs, which include the advertising, the orchestra, the salaries of the money takers, and of the management. If they do it on sharing terms, the owners of the theatre pay half the advertising cost and half the cost of the orchestra. When a theatre is actually leased on the old-fashioned rental basis, this item will range between £150 a week and £400 a week. Mind you, there is one theatre which had many successes just after the war and very few since, which would practically pay you to stage a production there.

Before arriving at his weekly profit or loss, however, the producer must add a certain percentage of his production costs to his weekly expenses until he has recovered it out of the box-office takings or written it off by "putting up the notice." C. B. Cochran once told me that it was a golden rule with him that if the production costs were not wiped off within seven weeks he always took off the show whatever it might be making. Naturally, production costs vary with the nature of the play in question. As I have said, it can cost as much as £25,000. This, however, is only in the case of a musical play, the minimum production costs of which would be about £10,000. There have been, and still are, managements who have spent between £30,000 and £40,000 on a musical production, but they seldom come out on the right side. An unenthusiastic première, a blasé press, and all that money has gone, with the exception of perhaps £1,000 which is retrieved by the sale of the scenery and costumes.

The chief difficulty about a theatrical production is that there is no such thing as goodwill in the way of business, for you start a new business every time you produce a new play. It is true that Drury Lane, the Hippodrome, and possibly the Haymarket have a following, but these are theatres with definite policies, and a certain percentage of the audience will always come to see any production. This percentage is never large enough to make the difference between success or failure.

A straight play nowadays will cost anything from £1,000 to £3,000 to produce even if it may only have one or two sets and quite a small cast. Thus, *The Ante Room*, with Diana Wynyard playing the lead, which came to an end after ten days, lost only about £1,100. A more elaborate straight play will run you into £6,000 or £7,000. So much of the expenditure is on intangible items such as producer's fees, scenery, and costume-designers' fees, lighting and labour, which naturally have no second-hand value. Producer's fees vary. A first-class producer will be paid anything from £100 to £250 per act. There are some who will charge a flat fee of £1,000. The dress designer will get £300 or £400. As much as £1,000 has been paid to experts in décor. There are some shows which have attached to them experts employed in selecting such properties as carpets, furniture, pictures, and even the ornaments used in the dressing rooms which have been shown during the performance of the play. This scale rises from 50 guineas to 200 guineas.

There are dozens of other unconsidered trifles. The mere act of getting scripts and parts typed costs anything from £10 to £50, and can often be more when, after the dress rehearsal, it has been found that the play runs too long and needs a cut, with the result that the parts have to be typed out afresh and the ragged ends of dialogue joined up. Usually the authors, and in the case of musical shows the lyric writers, get an advance on royalties. In the case of the authors it is usually £100 down, and in the case of the composers and lyric writers it varies according to their importance and standing.

H. M. TENNENT

GILBERT MILLER

JACK BUCHANAN

IVOR NOVELLO

Four men who loom large in the theatre world's business side. H. M. Tennent, former booking manager of Moss Empires, is now the general manager of Drury Lane and the chief of an important producing firm; Gilbert Miller is a highly successful backer of shows, while Jack Buchanan and Ivor Novello frequently put up large sums of money for the musical comedies and plays in which they appear

To jump ahead for a moment to the running costs, it may be pointed out that the usual royalties for authors of straight plays when the show is running are on the basis of 5 per cent. of the gross takings up to £1,000; 7½ per cent. from £1,000 to £1,500; and 10 per cent. over that. Some, however, get a flat 10 per cent.—like Walter Hackett. Barrie and Lonsdale demand as much as 20 per cent. and sometimes get it.

With musical plays the author of the book usually gets 2 per cent. royalties; the lyric writer gets 1 per cent. and the composer 2 per cent. In the case of American plays there are two courses—either a premium, which can be as much as £10,000, is paid, together with a small royalty; or a flat royalty of 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. is charged throughout the run of the show. In addition to this the producer will probably have to pay something to an English author for adapting it to English tastes. On one occasion a show carried an American royalty of as much as 11 per cent. with success.

To return to production costs—the stage director and his assistants come on the salary list the moment that rehearsals begin. The master carpenter and property master follow almost immediately. Under the new ruling which Equity has brought about, anyone earning £10 or under is entitled to 10s. per rehearsal, and in the case of musical comedies there is £2 a week to be paid to the chorus during rehearsals. This becomes a very large item on production accounts in the case of big musical plays such as *Careless Rapture* at Drury Lane, where anything from eighty to a hundred girls may receive rehearsal salaries for five or six weeks before production. In the ordinary course of events a musical play has a month's rehearsal; a straight play has three weeks for rehearsals; while a pantomime is whipped into shape in a fortnight.

To give some idea of the cost of rehearsals, it is estimated that the Drury Lane rehearsals cost half a guinea a minute, and an average full day's rehearsal costs £250. The lighting runs into £1 an hour; and when it comes to an orchestral rehearsal, the cost of that orchestra works out at 3s. 9d. a minute. You can therefore imagine the state of mind of the business side of the curtain of any show when they see the orchestra sitting still and doing nothing while minor details of the production are being argued.

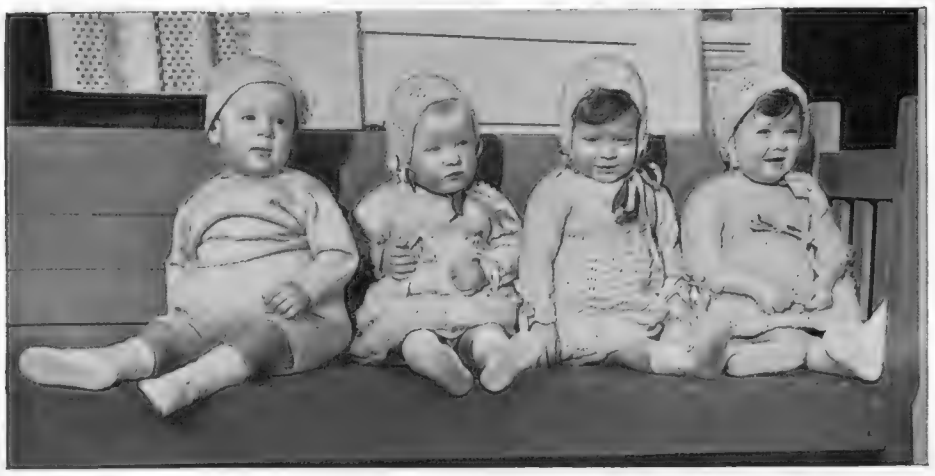
For a Drury Lane show and those other big musical shows, it costs £100 to dress each chorus girl, and about £300 to dress each principal lady. It costs only between £50 and £60 to dress a man; and it is an odd fact that whereas in musical shows the management pays for the men's clothes, the actors have to find their own garments in a straight play.

Scenery can cost anything. Some scenes cost only between £40 and £50 to make and the same again to paint. At Drury Lane, however, in view of the huge size of the canvas, the smallest scene will cost about £300 before it is completed; while some of the big effects, lasting only a few seconds, can cost as much as £1,500; and sets of costumes also seen for only a few seconds may cost between £500 and £600 just to secure a fleeting effect of colour. Compared with film studios, however, there is much less waste. The time is past when a producer would scrap half a dozen scenes because, on timing the show, he found it ran about an hour and a half too long. It is true that even then those scenes which were cut did not go entirely to waste. It was the practice to make a separate revue of them and then send them on tour.

Finally, we come to the running costs of the ordinary theatre where they are doing straight plays. The stage staff will cost anything from £60 to £90 a week—about £20 a week less than the front of the house staff. Lighting will amount to £14 or £20 a week. Advertising, however, seldom exceeds £120; but the theatre does not yet understand either advertising or publicity. The man who is required to publicise the show is always the last to come on the pay roll and one of the first to go off it. He gets little money but plenty of blame. Odd items in the weekly budget include an amount to be paid to the Performing Rights Society to cover the composers' fees for music played during the intervals by an orchestra, costing between £25 and £35 a week. These fees have to be paid even when the music is provided by a panatrope. In conclusion, if there are any profits to be made no straight play should cost more than £1,000 a week to run, while £2,000 a week is the danger line for musical productions.

But who are the people who find this £200,000 for September alone? The answer is that the financial side of stage productions has become more stabilised this autumn than at any time since the war. In a previous article last year I told you how most of the money for theatrical productions was provided by small syndicates, occasional furriers, architects, and in one instance a group of winners of crossword puzzles in a Sunday newspaper. That is all changed. I do not, in fact, know who back C. B. Cochran or André Charlot, but Gilbert Miller backs himself; the Melvilles, who own the Lyceum, take care of themselves; the Haymarket is controlled by a trust; Alec Rea backs himself at the St. Martin's; Bronson Albery and Howard Wyndham provide their own money for productions at the New Theatre, the Criterion, and Wyndham's; Ivor Novello has put up three-quarters of the money for the *Careless Rapture* production at Drury Lane; the Adelphi, Gaiety, Cambridge, and other theatres controlled by Sir Harold Wernher have their own secret financing organisation; H. M. Tennent Limited has powerful interests; Noel Coward who, with Ivor Novello, is one of the two richest young men in the business, also backs himself; the Strand theatre, where *Aren't Men Beasts* is playing, is controlled by Amalgamated Productions Limited, which has plenty of its own money; Jack Buchanan backs himself at the Palace theatre; Jack Waller co-operates with Moss Empires.

QUINS, QUADS, AND TWINS



THE JOHNSON QUADS: These four children—a boy and three girls—were born eighteen months ago to a woman in Dunedin Hospital, South Island, New Zealand, and are growing up into fine healthy specimens. Their total birth weight was approximately 17 lb., the largest being 4 lb. 8 oz., and they were brought into the world between the hours of 6 p.m. and 10.30 p.m.

DUNEDIN'S WONDER CHILDREN: Two more pictures of the quads showing Bruce (*left*), the first-born, at the wheel of his parents' car, and (*right*) Mrs. Johnson with two of them on the sands at St. Kilda, where they spend much of their time during the warmer months

DOUBLE DITTO: Genevieve and Jeannette Dumas (first prizewinners) and Morlen and Helen Newcomer (second prize-winners) lining up to have their finger prints taken at the Twins Convention held recently at Fort Wayne, Indiana, and attended by twins from many parts of Canada and the United States

Multiple births have been much in the news of recent years, partly no doubt because such phenomena as quads and quins provide the very essence of the human interest story. The Dionne children have captured the limelight to far and away the greatest extent, but as examples of glowing health despite their initial handicap the Dunedin quads command almost equal attention. These children, whose pictures are reproduced on this page, were born in March, 1935. It had been known for more than a week beforehand that there would be quadruplets as their mother had been X-rayed. This knowledge did much to assist the doctor in charge of the case, as he was able to make the fullest preparations

On left—YVONNE ON THE AIR: One of the famous Dionne quintuplets of Callander, Ontario, broadcasting from her nursery

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD: A scene on the 166-acre island of Brecqhou, in the Channel Island group, where Captain T. A. Clarke and his wife have built a home for themselves and are cultivating the land with the help of ten men from neighbouring Guernsey. They have now spent nearly four years in this island retreat and find the life of comparative solitude ideal. The road seen in this picture was completed a short while ago. It is three-quarters of a mile long

THE LITTLE HARBOUR OF BRECQHOU: A view showing, in the background, the conveyer used by Captain Clarke for landing stores, which from time to time he brings from Guernsey in his own boat

THE HOUSE BUILT BY THE CLARKES largely from stone quarried on the island. It has eight bedrooms, every one having parquet flooring

Pictures by William Davis

COMFORT AMID ISOLATION: Captain and Mrs. Clarke in the drawing-room of their home. During the summer they entertain on quite a large scale, many of their friends coming over from the mainland for a stay

AN ISLAND RETREAT

Captain T. A. Clarke's Home on Brecqhou

DRAMA, GAIETY, AND CHANGE IN THE PARIS COLLECTIONS

FOR the past several years we have grown so used to finding that the greatest changes in fashion have been in fabrics, colours, and detail rather than in the general silhouette that it is rarely stimulating to find, this autumn, that Paris has created entirely new daytime silhouettes, and has infected her evening clothes with a spirit of picturesque romanticism that is as varied as it is refreshing. It would seem that in reaction against her own troubles she has set out to make the world a gayer, more interesting place for the rest of us.

During the day one has the choice of two widely differing outlines. First and foremost there is the tunic, which flares from the hipline and is usually half but may

be three-quarters or seven-eighths in length. Then there is the fitted dress or suit with a tiny flared basque and either a very narrow or a generously flared skirt. Naturally there are other influences—notably that of the Regency period, but they are less important because they are less general.

• • •

In addition to winter coats, which practically without exception are slender-waisted, with squared shoulders or full-topped sleeves, small fur collars, and flared skirts, there are an enormous number of suits, many of them lavishly trimmed with fur. Two have been sketched on this page. The first shows Marcel Rochas' tunic jacket and his bolero dress, for which he uses a combination of dull black cloth and velvet (this, incidentally, is an alliance of fabrics that runs right through the collections). The jacket is of velvet, with a front fastening and a turn-over collar—both constantly recurring details. On the sleeves, stressing the shoulder line, is a "d'oyley" of cloth with a velvet appliqué. The dress is waistless. That is to say, it is cut in to the figure without any belt to mark the waistline, and this again merits your attention. It has a velvet bolero with dull appliqués, and the dull sleeves have velvet appliqués.

• • •

Jodelle's coat-frock shows another length of tunic and another sleeve treatment, and we have sketched it because it illustrates the way in which furs are being used this year. Persian lamb, grey lamb, dyed broadtail, and any sort of flat "baby" pelt is used very much as one uses fabrics, rather casually, and for effect more than from any practical point of view. Silver fox is still the most luxurious trimming for coats, but there is a feeling for red fox, and in a lesser degree for blue. Jodelle has taken black jersey and has made a very graceful afternoon coat-frock, which she trims with Persian lamb. She does a few Regency suits, and some extraordinarily attractive evening dresses which are purely Directoire. Many of these she makes in two-coloured velvets—the top in a rich shade, the skirt in a lighter one—and she has some beautiful candy-striped satins.

Maggy Rouff, whose evening line is slenderly moulded and almost severely simple, except that she has intriguing cut-outs on the corsages, makes the first of our evening dresses. Exquisitely but unobtrusively draped from the left shoulder to the

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Leg o' Mutton Sleeves
Silver Fox Cravat

right side of the waist, and then back again to the left hip, with two large circles of gauging, it has a high neck both back and front, and is worn with five large rows of pearls with a matching bracelet. Maggy Rouff always has interesting dress jewellery, and she shows these pearls alike with afternoon and evening frocks. Another intensely individual detail is her long scarf composed of blue fox tails. This is knotted on the shoulder, with one end hanging down either side.

Robert Piguet makes the second dress, which is of violet satin, with invisible shoulder straps, the full back shaded from violet to palest mauve. This also has a softened waistline, and shows one of the most gracious and popular silhouettes. He likes romantic robes-de-style in heavy slipper satin, and he also does some short evening dresses which have long panels that touch the ground at the back.

The very lovely evening coat indicates a new vogue—that of using cloth instead of velvet or brocade. Lelong makes it in maize coloured duvetyn, with full-topped sleeves, and a collar and cravat of silver fox. Beneath it he puts a black satin dress, with crossed straps at the back and front, a wide belt, and two rows of buttons down each side. Actually there are more short tunic-coats, in magnificent lams and brocades, than there are long evening ones, but since in England warmth is always a primary consideration cloth coats (with revers of beaded lamé when no fur is worn) should be welcomed.

By day smooth fabrics are worn for all formal occasions—duvetyns broad-cloths, and soft jerseys. By night, velvet, lamé, some dull crêpes, some small patterned cloqués, and a little chiffon. Black inevitably is seen more than any colour, but prune, grape, wine, and amber shades, with smoky blues, russets, and some deep, soft greens for tweeds, are certain winners, especially when two or more of them are cleverly combined.

DRAMA: Opening of the Autumn Season—A Rush of New Plays

By PHILIP PAGE

A PERSONAL TRIUMPH FOR MARY ELLIS: The new play at the Lyric Theatre deals with the return of an operatic star to the world of music. It is a theme generally fraught with tragedy, and this is no exception. Miss Mary Ellis in the star part scores a great success as Tina Gerling

FAREWELL PERFORMANCE is a play that is as theatrical as its title. But it is the very best of its type, and it is a type which has immense commercial possibilities. Its stay at the Lyric should be long and prosperous. All that moved me in it was its cleverness and the sheer brilliance of many of the performers (for, though the leading lady unquestionably "led," she was more than adequately supported). It is, in short, *bravura* stuff.

The origin is Hungarian and about the Hungarian theatre which seems, if this play, for all its fantasy, is founded on anything remotely resembling reality, to be rather more exciting back-stage than our own. Tina is a famous actress, aged thirty-six, complete with ex-husbands, rumpuses in her dressing-room, temperament, and a lover who is "a most intense young man."

After one of the dressing-room rumpuses we are taken to a doctor's consulting-room, and I began to settle down for an evening of medical gloom and one of those plays of hopeless disease which have been of late prevalent though not profitable. A realistically sympathetic doctor sat at his desk examining X-ray photographs. A nurse moved stealthily. Patients were shown in, among them Tina. Tina was told that there was something wrong with her heart—something, but not much. She must go slow for a couple of months. Exit Tina.

Enter a bowed and middle-aged woman, who told the doctor she was Tina's mother, though everyone in the theatre must have known it was Tina. This time the doctor speaks the truth—Tina's heart is very dicky indeed. She must give up acting altogether, and has, at most, five years to live. And so, having been forbidden to act on the stage, little Tina acted and acted and acted off it for all she was worth. As Tina is played by that fine actress, Miss Mary Ellis, it was worth a good deal.

At this point M. Lajos Zilahy, the Hungarian author, showed, I think, that he knows his Barrie. For Tina impersonates, as a sort of white-wigged ghost, the old woman she will never live to become, and knits her days away in an hotel in the Tyrol. A very young poet (she has dismissed her former lover) adores her and so does a very old colonel. But the call of youth comes again, prompted partly by the suicide of a bald-headed guest in the hotel who, having lost his mistress, goes to bed with a brandy-bottle instead. Off goes the white wig and off goes Tina to the theatre again and to her lover. We know what will happen. Another jealous rumpus in the dressing-room, a fatal heart attack—curtain.

The death-scene should have been heart-rending (though not, one hopes, fatally) for the audience. I do not think it was. It certainly did not rend my heart. But the whole of the play, and Miss Mary Ellis's emotional range, entertained me vastly. *Farewell Performance* should certainly be seen.

Miss Ellis's support is, as I have said, extremely fine, particularly that contributed by Mr. Frederick Leister, the doctor, and Mr. Griffith Jones as the very love-sick lover. I have known youths of all ages who adore actresses of thirty-six go on just like that. And Miss Irene Hentschel's production was sheer perfection.

"Laughter in Court."—This entertainment—and entertainment it is—at the Shaftesbury Theatre is on the slight side in more senses than one.

There is, in the first place, not much of it, though, as George Robey used to sing, "What *is* there, is good" (at any rate, the greater part). *Laughter in Court* did not start until 9 o'clock, it was over about 11, and there were two longish intervals. I venture to suggest to Mr. C. B. Cochran that here is an opportunity to re-introduce the "curtain-raiser," which has fallen so completely out of fashion. Mr. Cochran need not be afraid of indulging in the unfashionable; he has only to indulge in almost anything in the theatrical line to make it fashionable again.

The piece itself is a preposterous little farce-comedy by a new author, Mr. Hugh Mills, who can write better than he can construct—indeed, how even the newest recruit among dramatists came to construct that weak last act I cannot imagine. However, Mr. Mills' virtues are many more than his failings. He has a sense of fun and an eye for an amusing situation.

There is a Gilbertian touch in the President of the Divorce Court being discovered as having written compromising letters in a case he himself is trying. Plenty of laughs occurred in that court scene which is the *clou* of the play, in spite of the fact that Mr. Ronald Squire, who is at his consummately easy best and is most amusing in Act I, has only a few lines to speak in it. Mr. Edmond Breon was extraordinarily funny as the embarrassed judge; Mr. Aubrey Dexter bluffed and sentimentalised and Buzfuzzed fussily as one K.C., and Mr. Wilfrid Caithness was icily offensive as another.

The story, which does not really matter much, concerns Miss Yvonne Arnaud's efforts to divorce her second husband in order to remarry her first. Miss Arnaud is incomparable and that is as well, for she is the only female member of the cast, unless one includes silent female members of the jury. The play gave me the impression at times that some female characters had been cut out during rehearsals, but Miss Arnaud bore the whole burden on her witty shoulders with infinite charm and with that French-English that is a language all her own.

Mr. Evelyn Roberts had to play a dull cad: he is too good an actor ever to be dull and obviously too good a fellow ever to be a cad. So I count his performance a success, whatever the author intended him to convey.

"The Composite Man."—*The Composite Man* at Daly's is a composite play. That is to say, it seems to be concerned partly in being a comedy and partly in drawing attention to a prevalent and peculiarly irritating state of affairs in public—or, more precisely, publicity life.

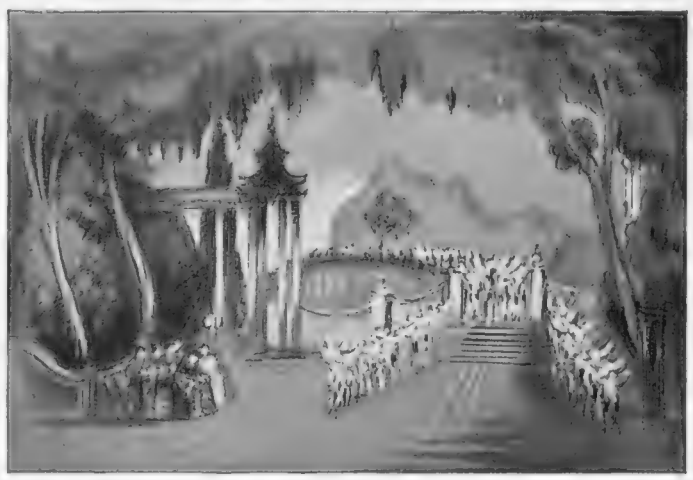
I refer to the theory (and the practice) that one has only to become an idol in one department of life to be accepted as an expert in almost any other. Such idols are invariably in a department that is, more or less, frivolous—the stage, the film, or sport. I have read many articles by actresses, actors, and athletes which bishops ought to have written. I have never yet read an article by a bishop which an actress, an actor, or an athlete ought to have written. Possibly Dean Inge, being only a dean, is an exception. It seems rather unfair.

"ANTHONY ADVERSE" AS A FILM: Hervey Allen's well-known novel is to be shown in a few days' time at the Tivoli. Olivia de Havilland (seen here) stars as Angela with Fredric March as Anthony Adverse

The hero of *The Composite Man* is an athlete, lawn-tennis being his line. It suddenly occurs to him, or rather to the astute young girl in love with him, that there is no reason why he should not get a reputation for versatility, and also a pot of money, by writing novels, painting pictures, and composing music. Other people, of course, do the work for him, for he can neither write, paint, nor compose. The fake succeeds up to a point, the point being when his "staff" grow discontented. He calls their bluff and disappears.

The author, Mr. Ronald Jeans, knows his world. Possibly it is a narrow world. The play has a "shoppy" flavour. But most of it is undeniably amusing and it is well acted by, in particular, Mr. Richard Bird, Miss Diana Churchill, Miss Elspeth Duxbury, and Mr. Anthony Holles.

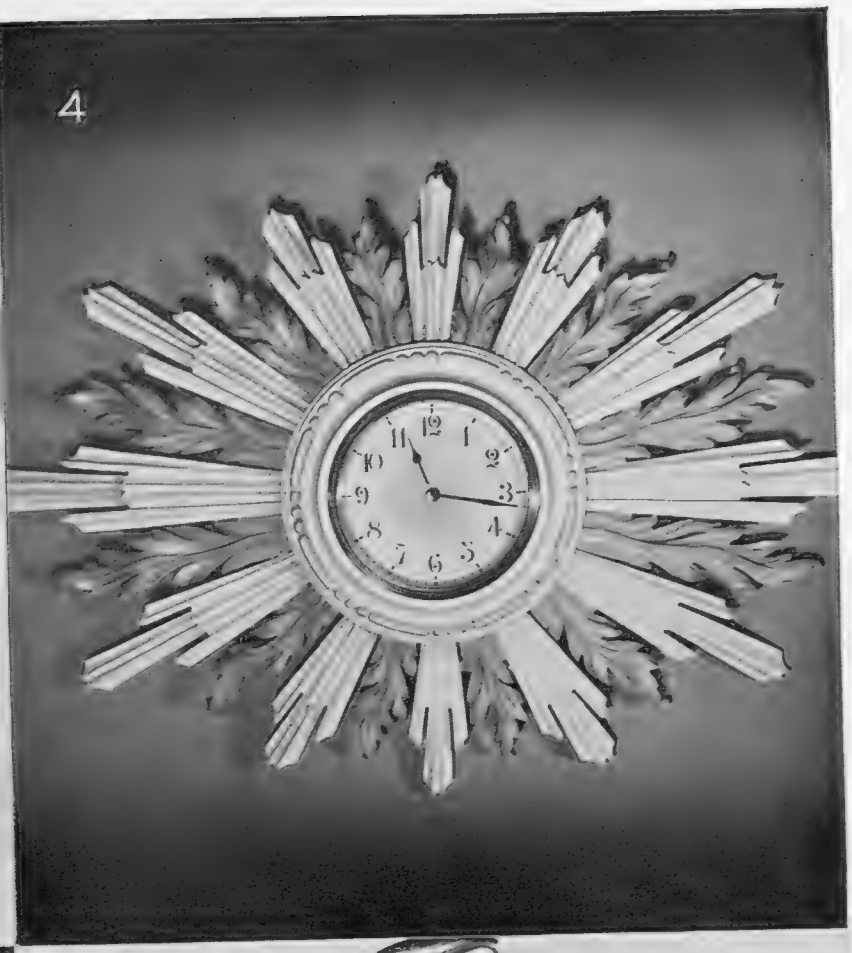
(Continued on page 480)



Drawing by Percy Home

DRURY LANE MOVES TO CHINA IN "CARELESS RAPTURE": In Act II the action of Mr. Ivor Novello's new musical play shifts from Hampstead to Fu-chin, where a wealthy Chinaman is entertained by an amateur European company. Troupes of dancers pour over the bridge in picturesque fashion. Who the wealthy Chinaman really is must be discovered by the reader

MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN A FILM STUDIO PICTURE: A dinner-table scene in Lothar Mendes' *Moonlight Sonata*, now being produced at the Denham Studios for Pall Mall Productions. Paderewski in this episode is seen gazing at Marie Tempest, who is seated at the head of the table



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NICOLAS TITULESCU

(Continued from page 450)

or even attack, has supervened here, where all the makers and unmakers of post-war Europe have flaunted themselves?

Nicolas Titulescu is back at Geneva again at this writing. Unofficially, but what doing? Would it be a good thing if he came back to the front rank of active diplomats in Europe? However much one may admire the man's pluck and talent, or his genuine sympathy for England, we have to ask ourselves that question. He was the embodiment of what many may consider to have been the greatest sustained blunder perpetrated by the military victors of 1914–18; uncompromising fidelity to the rigid letter of Versailles in regard to revision of the Peace Treaties. In his attitude here Titulescu was *plus français que les français*. And a fatal policy it was; he must see that to-day, with the vanquished of eighteen years ago revising more or less at their own sweet will.

A statesman of Titulescu's brilliance and subtlety could do worse than alter direction and get down to the problem that has grown out of the tacit acceptance of revision, namely, in what way it can be arranged that those who acquired territory in 1919, perhaps an excess of it, may transfer some of it in safety to people they mistrust, transfer it in the certainty that no more requests will follow, and that the transfer has not merely been adding to the sinews of a future enemy.

If the democratic "Haves" are to be expected to give, they clearly have a right to demand a *quid pro quo* from the Pressure Powers. What more obvious one than that these should practise a genuine measure of disarmament in return for the advantages conveyed to them, and for the acquiring of which they would not have had to use the armaments they had piled up?

In the clouds am I? Maybe so. Yet you will at least admit it is a problem—for a giant.

THE KING'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 456)

August 19: Cattaro (Kotor), South Dalmatia.—Visits the Citadel and the Byzantine Palace. At the House of the Seamen of Kotor the King made a deep bow of respect before the picture of the murdered King Alexander which hangs in the Hall of Honour. Sails for the Albanian Coast.

August 20: Corfu.—The King of Greece dines on board the *Nahlin*.

August 21.—The King visits King George at the Villa Mibelli.

August 22.—*Nahlin* sails from Corfu.

August 23.—Cruising.

August 24: Itea, Gulf of Corinth.—The King pays a surprise visit to Delphi.

AN EARLY ATTEMPT AT MECHANISATION: Under this heading a picture recently appeared in "The Sphere" showing a maxim gun mounted on rubber-tyred wheels and drawn by a Panhard car belonging to one of the officers of the Volunteer Battalion King's Liverpool Regiment. The illustration aroused great interest and has prompted Lieut.-Colonel S. C. Marriott, who drove the car, to send us these two additional pictures together with the informative letter published below

Dear Sir,

The picture in a recent issue of the "Sphere" illustrating an early attempt at mechanisation is of particular interest to me as I am the driver of the motor, an old Panhard which belonged to T. Thorneycroft Vernon, my superior officer. Later on we altered the design, to give the team quicker access to the gun. The artillery wheels were made by the Mulliner Motor Body Company, and Ely's collaborated with the writer in producing a special type of evenly loaded blank ammunition. By this means we were able to get the proper recoil to work the gun and also to reproduce a rapid fire effect. If I recollect properly we were able to draw up, unlimber and get into action in thirty seconds. I am enclosing photographs shewing the "improvement" referred to. S. C. MARRIOTT (Lt. Col.)

August 25: Athens.—Visit to the Acropolis. The King dines at a Greek tavern with the British Minister, is forced to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd from the Legation balcony.

August 26: Athens.—Drives to Mount Parnes and climbs to the top—3,000 ft.

August 27: Athens.—The *Nahlin* cruises to the island of Aegina. On return the King takes tea at the Legation and talks for two hours with General Metaxas, the Premier, and virtually the Dictator, of Greece.

August 28: Athens. — Crown Prince Paul received on board the *Nahlin*.

August 29: Athens.—Visits the King's Palace and the Stadium.

August 30.—The *Nahlin* sails for Skyros *en route* for Constantinople.

August 31: From the bridge of the *Nahlin* the King sees her bow damaged and three of her boats smashed when a ten-mile-an-hour tide carried the yacht on to the iron swing bridge at Chaleis.

September 1: Aedipsos.—The Greek Fleet receives the *Nahlin* with Royal honours.

September 2.—The *Nahlin* arrives at the island of Skiathos and later sails again.

September 3.—The *Nahlin* met by Turkish destroyers off Tenedos Island. The King goes ashore on the Gallipoli Peninsula and visits the cemeteries where the party laid many wreaths.

September 4: Constantinople.—Crowds who had been up all night gave the King a frenzied welcome which His Majesty acknowledged by waving his yachting cap. The King was received at the place of landing by the President, Kemal Ataturk and the Ministers of State.

September 5: Constantinople.—The King makes various excursions ashore.

September 6: Constantinople.—In the afternoon the *Nahlin* anchored off the Moda Yacht Club in Moda Bay where the King was welcomed by British children. Later His Majesty went on board the Presidential yacht and with Kemal Ataturk watched a regatta. Thence he returned to Constantinople in the *Nahlin*. Later, the President and his Ministers accompanied the King to the Sirkedji Station from which His Majesty left in the President's own train for Sofia and Vienna.

The King's last call at Belgrade and the subsequent happenings in Vienna are within the recollection of the past few days. Whether these happenings may be counted part of the King's "holiday" one cannot say. It can only be recorded that the cruise which started in holiday vein at the head of the Adriatic and developed into spectacular triumphs in circumstances of State, is a memorable one. It may even prove historic.

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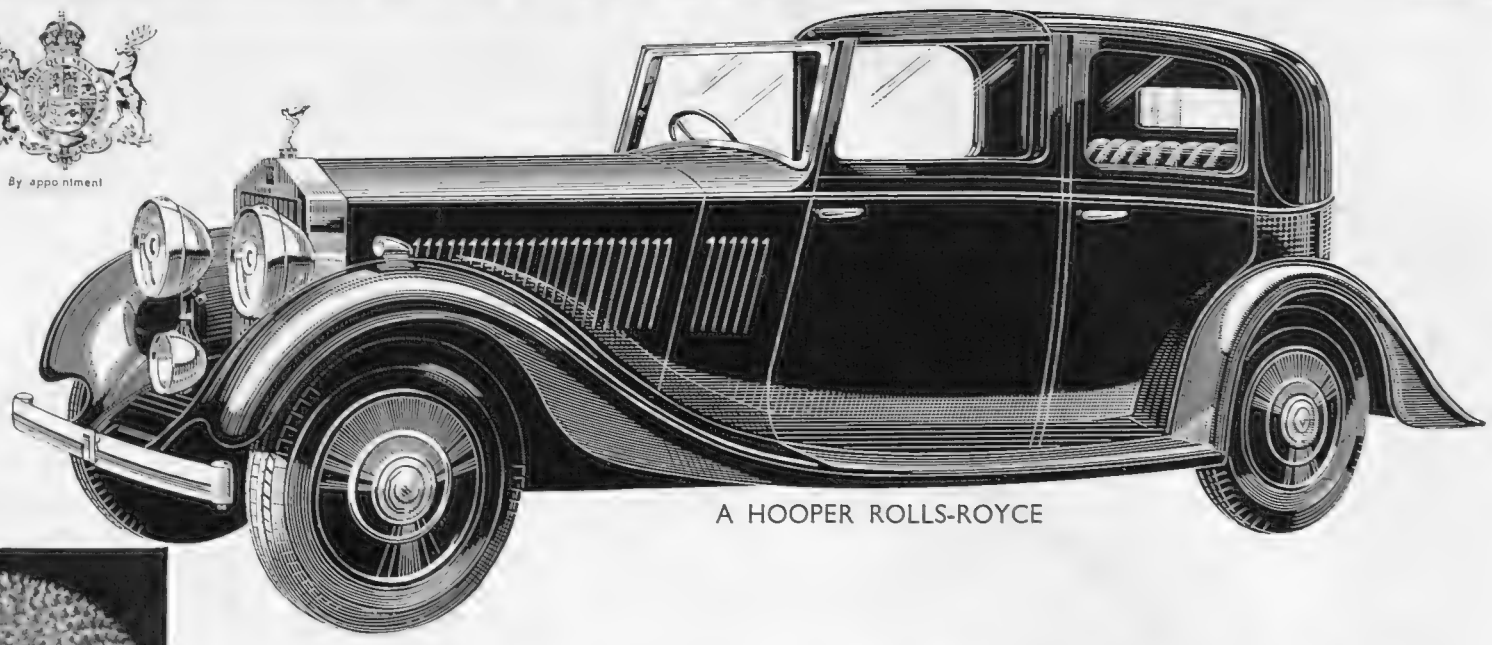

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WHEN THE TIDE'S AT THE TURN: Sand-eelers with the rake on which the eels are caught

WALKING BACKWARDS THROUGH THE SHALLOWS: A picture from a "Sphere" reader demonstrating the method of catching sand eels. They vary in length from 4 to 8 ins.

SUSSEX WINDMILLS IN THE NEWS

The fine Smock Mill on the Downs near Rottingdean, which was saved from destruction some years ago, has been going through a process of careful restoration. New timbers have replaced those showing signs of decay, and soon the mill will be working with four new sweeps in place of the bare stocks it previously carried. Like many other windmills on this coast, one of its previous owners made a bigger fortune as a smuggler than as a law-abiding miller. Salvington Mill is another Sussex windmill which has recently been restored. In spite of its age the structure is still in good condition, and is a fine example of one of the earliest types of windmill. Early in its life the mill was insured against fire, and the sign of the Sun Fire Office, dated 1774, is still to be seen over the door. The mill probably dates from at least fifty years earlier. The Smock Mill at West Blatchington had a narrow escape recently when an adjoining barn caught fire. The flames actually reached the base of the mill before being checked. This mill is remarkable for its three-storeyed flint base and in addition to its normal work the mill was used for driving chaff-cutters and threshing machinery in the adjoining barns.

On left—ROTTINGDEAN SMOCK MILL in course of restoration

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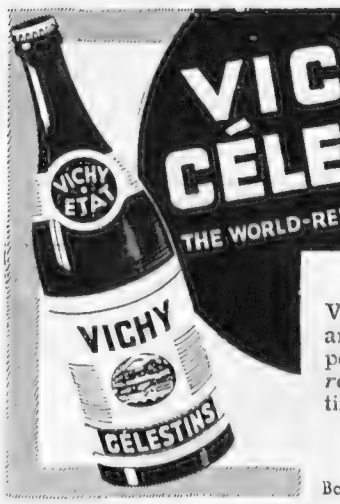

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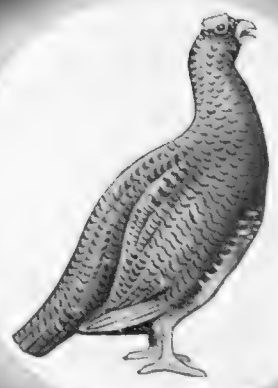

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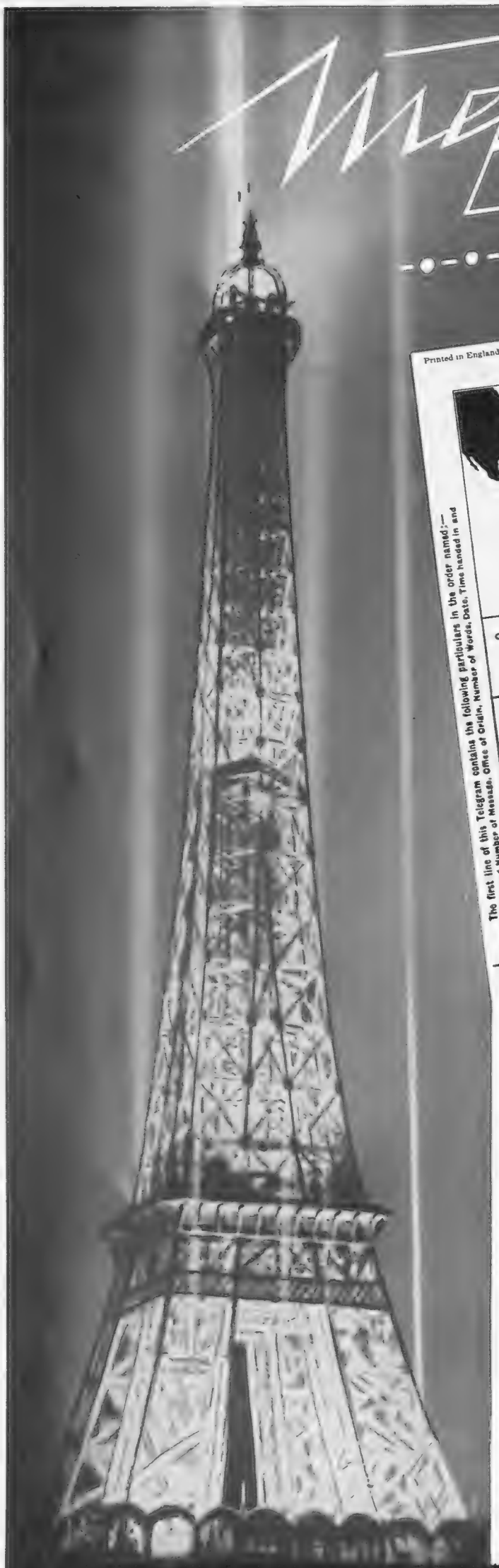

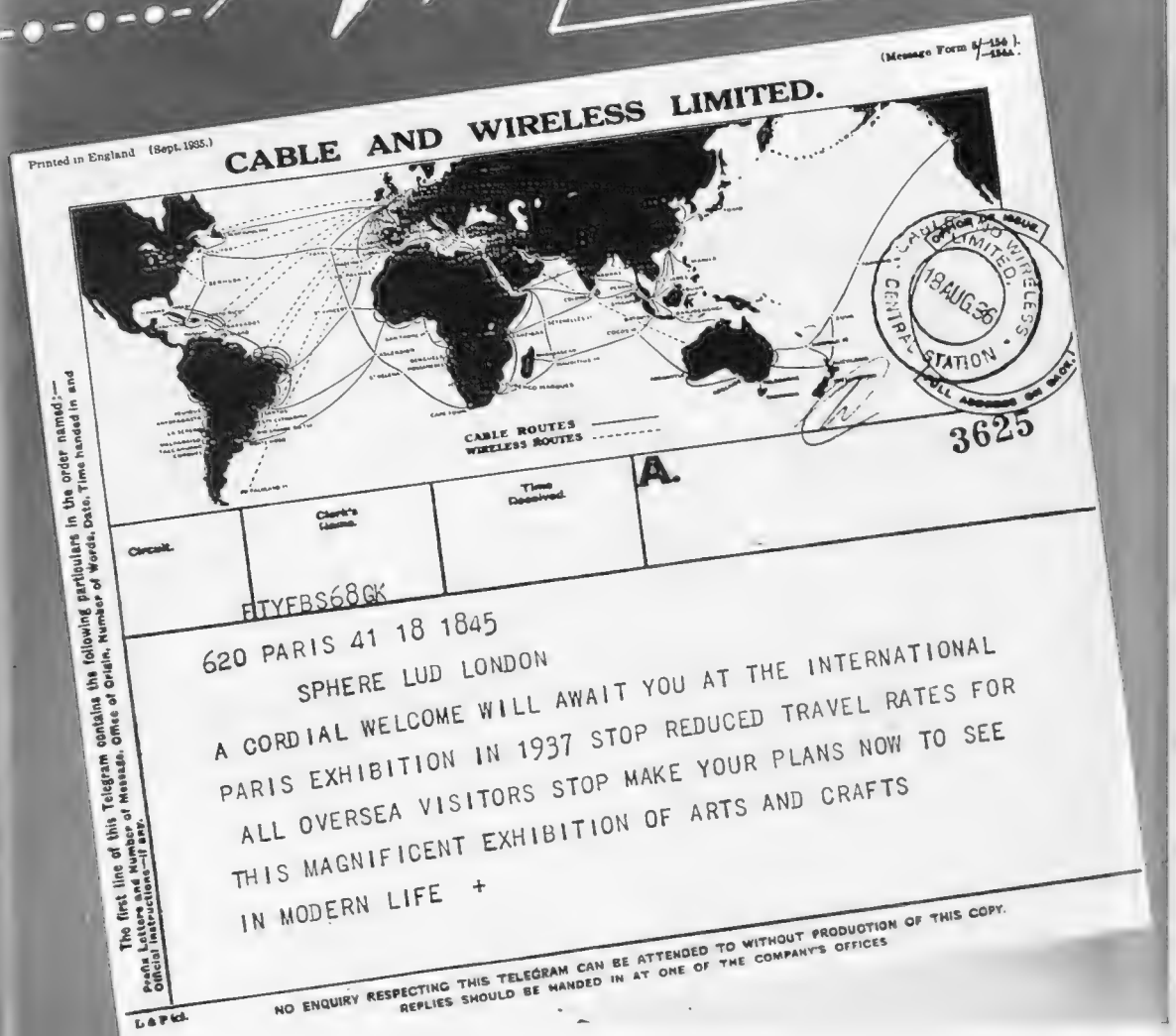

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PARIS 1937

DELHI—SCENE OF NEXT YEAR'S CORONATION DURBAR: The imposing Secretariat and Council Chamber buildings

INDIA THE MAGNIFICENT

A Wonderland of Travel with Sightseeing Possibilities that are Never Exhausted

"SEE India" the advertisements say. But it is a tall order: there is such a lot of India to see. Looking at a country on the map never conveys to one any idea of its real size. To be told that some 2,000 miles lie between the North-west Frontier Province and Cape Cormorin, whereas the distance from John o'Groats to Land's End, as the crow flies, is not much more than 600, sounds imposing enough, but it does not really mean anything on paper, because 2,000 miles (on paper) are not very different from 3,000 or 4,000.

When you arrive there, though, when you catch your first glimpse of the sea of upturned brown faces on the quayside; when you go through the bazaars so teeming with humanity that Oxford Street during the sales is like a country town on a Sunday afternoon by comparison; when on your first night you drive out to Malabar Hill, and, looking back over the bay, see the myriad twinkling lights of Bombay—almost as many lights as there are stars in the sky above you—then there comes a moment when you are struck by the realisation of India's immensity; the phrase (if you are English), "The Indian Empire" suddenly acquires significance, and a significance that nearly takes your breath away. Later on, as you travel across the endless brown plains, or when you are looking at the incomparably lovely buildings, the temples and palaces of other days, or are exploring the vast and splendid territories of the native states, or are up in the hills, where the air is keen and fresh and the views make Europe seem rather a small place in one's recollection, there will be many moments of exhilaration, but none, I think, to exceed that of your first arrival—the exhilaration of having got to the East.

The journey by boat is a longish one (the best part of three weeks), although it can generally be shortened somewhat by going overland as far as Marseilles, and Bombay is only the "Gateway of India." But liners and railways have now virtually abolished distance, in as far as it used to be synonymous with discomfort, and such is the efficiency of travel organisation in the modern era (as regards travel in the East the last ten years have seen an enormous improvement) that one can embark on the most extended tour of India with no more qualms than if one were going for three weeks to an English spa.

Bombay is the obvious point from which to start, and it is worth spending a few days there first of all, partly to get acclimatised, partly because it is one of the most important—if not *the* most important—industrial and commercial centres of the East, and partly, also, because there are a number of interesting places to be seen in the locality—the gorge of Gaimukh, for instance, the caves of Elephanta, with their remarkable sculptures; the Lake District of Vehar and Pawai, and many others. Most of them are easily accessible by car and interesting trips can always be fixed up through the travel agencies or through one's hotel. As regards climate, the average temperature is a little under 80 degrees and the best months for being there are between November and March.

The first question that every tourist returning from India is always asked, is whether he saw the Taj Mahal, so it is appropriate that we should deal with this next. The Taj Mahal is at Agra, which is situated in the United Provinces and is on the main line between Bombay and Delhi, something over 100 miles from the latter. There are three hotels to choose from and the sightseeing to be done covers some of the most beautiful buildings in the world. Of the Taj Mahal itself there is no need to say very much here. Everybody knows what it looks like, and nearly everybody knows its history—how it was built, during the first half of the seventeenth century by Shah Jahan, as a mausoleum for his wife, Mumtaz Mahal, and how, later, he was deposed by his son Aurangzeb, and lived the last years of his life as a prisoner at Agra, stripped of temporal power, but feeding his soul on the daily contemplation of that miracle of beauty which he had created out of cold marble.

Less talked about, but almost more remarkable than the Taj Mahal, is the ruined city of Fatehpur Sikri, twenty-three miles distant from Agra. This was built by Akbar, the great Moghul, in honour of the birth of his son. He designed the whole thing—the temples, palaces, roadways, and public squares, the great battlements and the mosque, and his conception was a magnificent one. Yet within fifty years the city was deserted, and it has remained deserted ever since! Lack of water was the cause, and though at the time its abandonment must have seemed a tragic enough necessity, we can afford to be glad of it to-day, since it enables us to go there and find it still in an almost perfect state of preservation.

Delhi comes next, and is a place of great importance, both as the seat of the present British Administration and as the site of many ancient buildings. New Delhi, in fact, is the eighth city to rise on practically the same site since the twelfth century, and it is gratifying to see what a worthy successor it makes to some of the earlier capitals. The Legislative Chamber, the Imperial Secretariat, and the Viceroy's house are all extremely imposing, and are in a setting that is really worthy of them. One should try to allow at least three or four days for seeing Delhi, although the lavishness of Indian decoration (most lavish of all, incidentally, is the Diwan-i-Khas, the great hall where the Moghul emperors used to hold audience and dispense justice), is liable to overtax one's appreciative faculties after a time and leave one feeling completely glutted.

SYMPHONY IN STONE: The Maharana's summer palace on lovely Jagmandar Island, Pichola Lake, Udaipur, where the famous Shah Jahan, builder of the Taj Mahal at Agra, lived when in revolt against his father, the Emperor Jahangir

Speaking of fantastic architecture (a theme to which one inevitably finds oneself being drawn back when India is in question), Benares is one of the most remarkable places in the world, and anybody who gets as far as the United Provinces at all, should make a special effort not to miss it.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have touched on Bombay, Agra, Delhi, and Benares. Yet we are still only on the very edge of India's travel possibilities. What else would you see? There is Udaipur, the spot that is called another Venice, but whose island palaces have a kind of ethereal beauty that is wholly un-Venetian. Udaipur is on a branch line of one of the chief railway arteries going through Rajputana, and there is a good hotel there. Then, high up in the north there is Kashmir, with lakes and mountains (good ski-ing in winter) and pastoral landscapes as restful as one could hope to find anywhere, and that most romantic of all mountain passes (for anybody who does not happen to be stationed there)—the Khyber. And again, there are Ellora and Ajanta, there is Gwalior, there are Amritsar, Jaipur, and all the many cities and wonders of the south—a list so long that for the moment at any rate, we must leave it unexhausted.

Richard Nowell

WATER BUFFALO ON DAIRY DUTY: The farmer does the milking while his son holds the calf. A scene in Madras Presidency where these animals have been domesticated

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Come to the Keswick Hotel in September if possible . . . the lights on the hills and the tints of the trees are never to be forgotten. Proprietors: J. & M. Wivell and Son. Telephone: Keswick 20

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In Quest of

Canford Cliffs—A Bourn

Atmosphere o

TEN thousand two hundred and twenty-five Americans had come over to England on business and pleasure bent up to July 31; that is, before the English holiday season proper had started. That figure alone gives Americans the right to be consulted about their likes and dislikes with regard to British hotels.

Where do they go? The caricaturist depicts them offering large sums for everything that can reasonably be called "ye olde." Hoteliers complain of Americans' unreasonable longing for iced water and leave it at that.

You will find Americans patronising all the antique shops, old tea shops, and merchants of the arts and crafts. You will find them at Claridge's and the Dorchester, complaining of indigestion and still asking for iced water! But the quest of many Americans is "the Englishman at home." Only some of them find their way to the tables of a real "dook"; some into our country houses, and many to that peculiarly English brand of first-class hotel—the converted country house.

Canford Cliffs Hotel, Bournemouth, is a worthy objective. Here is the Englishman more or less at home in his natural surroundings. Here is a beautiful country house in its own grounds at the top of the cliff with superb views over Studland Bay.

The atmosphere of the hotel is frankly one of genuine luxury. Food, amenities, decoration, carpets, lighting all fall into that category of the cosmopolitan luxury hotel in various European centres. Yet Canford Cliffs is not imposing by its size, only by its quality.

Delightful gardens surround the hotel which also owns a piece of the foreshore and the cliff leading down to it. Here is sea-bathing at its best, either from the hotel or using the cabins, with a private beach and promenade at your disposal. At all times of the year such proximity to the sea as this is a pleasure.

Canford Cliffs enjoys a fine reputation as a dormy-house for Parkstone golf course—a matter of ten minutes from the hotel. For the golfer who likes to live in comfort of a high order, few places could exert a greater appeal—a first-class golf course in a lovely setting (Ferndown and Broadstone courses within easy reach) and a first-class setting for himself.

The blue waters of Poole Harbour are a constant invitation to the yachtsman or fisherman, and for the motor-boat explorer there are many fascinating trips to make in the vicinity of Poole, Swanage, and Studland. Bournemouth can cater for nearly every normal sporting activity practised in the South of England. The highways of Hampshire are at the motorists' doorstep, with the New Forest a few miles to the north-east and one might say that the West

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Keswick (English Lakes).—The Borrowdale Htl.
Keswick, English Lakes.—Royal Oak Hotel.
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Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyndhurst (Hants.).—Holmfield Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
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Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.

# of Good Hotels

y ASHLEY COURTENAY

outh Hotel with an Genuine Luxury

Country begins at Bournemouth; hence another legion of motoring possibilities.

In an hotel such as this food can no longer be classed as a necessity but rather as an adjunct to the pleasures of life. I have met hypocrites who deny the pleasures of dining and I feel that a course at Canford Cliffs might cause them to revise their moral values. Suffice it to say that here are meals composed of the very best English materials and served with just that touch of Continental virtuosity so that one's oldest gastronomic friends reappear in delicious disguise. And as for wine, well, they say that the best French wines find their way to England; I have no doubt that much of it finds a temporary resting place in the cellars of Canford Cliffs.

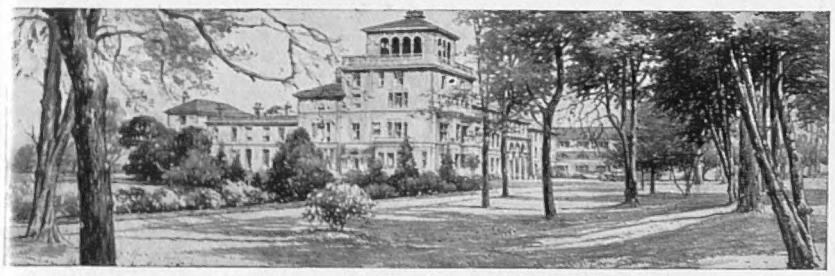
Comfort is as much a matter of surroundings as of materials. Both are present at Canford Cliffs. When I read advertisements of hotels claiming "that the comfort and service leave nothing to be desired," I regard it as an ominous sign and can feel pretty sure that everything desirable is absent. Comfort, too, can be a matter of clichés. But at Canford Cliffs the visitor's wants are individual wants and are dealt with not so that they leave nothing to be desired but so that the visitor gets what he or she wants quickly, courteously, and with the minimum of fuss. It is this attitude towards service which constitutes that atmosphere of comfort which is as important as the actual details. All the bedrooms are superbly comfortable—constant hot and cold softened water, fires, and radiators, etc.—and enjoy lovely views. There are charmingly furnished suites looking out on to the gardens and the sea.

Canford Cliffs is not actually in Bournemouth, but near enough to enjoy the best of both worlds. Bournemouth is the place where the season never ends. Summer, autumn, winter, every season has its own special appeal. The amenities are legion, while the whole lay-out and freshness of the town are attractions in themselves. Cinemas, theatres, concert halls, skating rinks, pavilions, and streets of the most elegant shops attract an army of winter residents.

For people thinking of a late autumn holiday or a more permanent winter residence I can thoroughly recommend Canford Cliffs Hotel from the most pleasant of personal experiences. The hotel is not cheap, but quality never is. On the other hand in autumn and winter you can enjoy exactly the same high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service at considerably reduced terms.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

OATLANDS PARK HOTEL WEYBRIDGE



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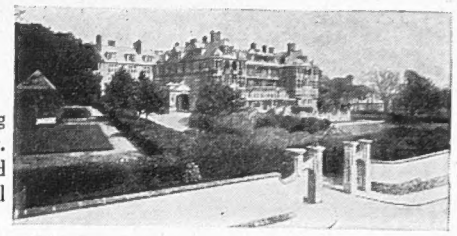

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400 ft. up, facing the sun and the South. Situated in a veritable land of promise; historical buildings, scenic beauty, forest and downland; the immediate surround consists of 60 acres of park-land, and a sporting golf-course. The Hotel? First class; a choice of 85 rooms and suites. Cooking and service of a high degree of excellence. Before deciding on your Autumn holiday or Winter residence, write or telephone S. Hancock, Director, for Tariff. Tunbridge Wells 1911.

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Write for Brochure or Telephone 4198.

DRAMA : *"Careless Rapture"—Ivor Novello's New Stage Spectacle at Drury Lane*

(*Continued from page* 470)

"Careless Rapture."—The new Drury Lane musical play, *Careless Rapture*, is undoubtedly rapturous but very careful. I have seldom seen more care expended on any play—care as well as money.

Such care is necessary if stage spectacle is to hold its own with the films, where the sky is in more senses than one the limit. In the older days of Old Druriodrama one had little more to do than to think of an earthquake, a fire at sea, or a railway smash, and to get it as perfect as possible; it was not necessary to worry overmuch about anything else. Since the films can manage such catastrophes far better (although *Careless Rapture* has an earthquake as realistic as any I would wish to see if I had enough of the macabre in me to wish to see one at all) the stage must appeal to the eye in subtler ways. Sensation is not enough. Neither is mere lavishness.

Mr. Ivor Novello has "written and devised and composed" the whole thing, helped, of course, by sundry lieutenants. Most wisely has he seen to it that his spectacle has genuine artistic merit. To those of his lieutenants responsible for the colour schemes, the costumes, the lighting, the grouping of crowds, and a Chinese ballet on the De Basil scale of elaboration, congratulations and gratitude are indeed due. Mr. Novello's music has been scored with skill and taste by Mr. Charles Prentice who conducts the orchestra. If it is not likely to set either the Thames or the Yang-tsi-Kyang on fire, it is catchy enough when catchiness is needed. When musical *chinoiserie* of an ambitious type is required—well, Puccini's *Turandot* is an excellent model.

The story is about an actress, and we have had rather a lot of stories of late about actresses and back-stage life. This actress is a musical-comedy star, played, appropriately, by exquisite Miss Dorothy Dickson, who thank goodness, does not have to die in her lover's arms in the last act, though she has a pretty thin time of it in the preceding ones. She is engaged to a pompous rich man in the person of Mr. Ivan Samson (villain) but is adored by, and subsequently adores, his penniless and illegitimate brother, Mr. Novello himself (hero).

From London theatre dressing-rooms and stages we go to Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, to China, and even to bandits. The scene in which Mr. Novello is chained to a rock, suffering tortures of thirst, was not quite so effective as it might have been and produced in me similar pangs, fortunately easily remedied in the case of the possessor of an end-of-the-row stall. However, *Careless Rapture* rarely drags, is good to look at throughout, and seems destined to enjoy the big success it deserves.

Mr. Novello has attempted to solve the problem of what sort of show to provide for Drury Lane. There is more heroism in that than in any part he has ever played.

THE PLAY WITH THREE LEADING LADIES: Noel Coward rehearsing Greer Garson (left), Madge Titheradge (second from left), and Isabel Jeans (second from right) for their parts in *Mademoiselle*, which opened this week at Wyndham's

THE SUDAN AS IT HAS BEEN

(*Continued from page* 463)

educated Sudanese every effort has been made by the Government to hand over to tribal leaders responsibility for the control and administration of their own people. In most cases tribal chiefs have been awarded not only executive but judicial powers over their tribesmen, and in certain instances they have already been made responsible for the administration of tribal budgets. Tribal administrations have not been fostered and encouraged in the hope that they will retard the progress and demands of the more sophisticated elements, and tribal chiefs have been encouraged to engage the services of educated Sudanese in the administration of their people. The Sudanese feel that they have already been given a share in the administration of their own country and that they will be given further responsibilities when they are fit to shoulder them. They are rightly proud of what they have already achieved and it is no exaggeration to say that they entertain a real affection and respect for their British rulers and deeply appreciate the encouragement they have received at their hands.

The Government of the Sudan has moved slowly forward year by year, never forcing the pace and always ready to learn and profit from the mistakes made by other administrations. It has exercised caution in its educational policy and encouraged the spread of elementary vernacular education, but used restraint in providing higher and professional education, thus avoiding the creation of a class of unemployed intelligentsia. It has taught its subjects the benefits of cleanliness and sanitation and the value of medical treatment, and it has raised the population of the country from 1,000,000 to over 6,000,000 in a period of thirty-eight years. It has sought out and re-established fallen tribal dynasties and revived tribal loyalties and has perpetuated all that was good and beneficial in tribal custom and practice.

It is quite unthinkable that anything should now be done to jeopardise the success of this work.

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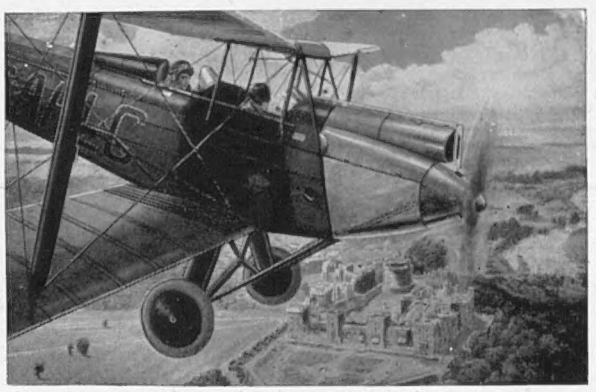

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